

# The Sketch

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 24, 1918

ONE SHILLING.



LEILA DEFYING THE GUARDIE: MISS IRIS HOEY AS MRS. CALTHORPE IN "THE MAN FROM TORONTO,"  
AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

"The Man from Toronto"—now at the Duke of York's—has settled down into quite a nice success, thanks to its freshness, if not great originality, as a play, and to the excellence of its acting, notably by Miss Iris Hoey, Mr. Eric Lewis, and that capital all-round actor,

Mr. George Tully. As to Miss Hoey herself, it may be said that she was never better than she is as the Stoops-to-Conquering Mrs. Calthorpe, who masquerades as her own maid, defies her guardian, and fascinates the Man of the title.—[*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.*]





By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

#### Concerning Propaganda.

There are still some people in these islands, I find, who do not understand the meaning, or the intention, or the universality of propaganda. They will tell you it is un-English—as if that necessarily damned it for ever and a day. They will tell you it is vulgar, thereby clearly showing that they do not appreciate the meaning of the word "vulgar."

And here, by the way, you have the cause of many misunderstandings. So few people really know the exact meaning of the words they use or the words they read or the words they hear. They do not apply their Greek and Latin, to say nothing of their Anglo-Saxon, to the jargon of everyday life. And that is why you get the educated and the thoughtful at amazing logger-heads with the non-philologist.

What, for example, is the precise meaning of the term "propaganda"—a term used every day in every newspaper? Most people would tell you, off-hand, that it meant advertisement. So it does, because the greater includes the less. But "propaganda" is no more defined by the term "advertisement" than "poetry" is defined by the term "rhyme." It is something much finer and higher than mere advertisement.

"Propaganda" is derived from the *congregatio de propaganda fide*, a committee instituted at Rome for propagating the faith. "Propagandism," therefore, is the system or practice of propagating tenets or principles, and a "propagandist" is one who labours to spread a system of doctrines.

#### A Few Propagandists.

If you raise your eyes and look around, you will find yourself surrounded with the system of propaganda. It is idle to affect superiority to propaganda, for the simple reason that no State, profession, calling, or individual can escape the system.

Every priest, clergyman, or minister, from the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Pope of Rome to the humblest lay-preacher, is a propagandist.

Every monarch is a propagandist. The crown, the sceptre, all the trappings of State are propagandist instruments.

Every sailor and every soldier is a propagandist. His uniform, his decorations, his bands, and his statues are instruments of propaganda. The effigy of Lord Nelson in Trafalgar Square is one of the finest pieces of propaganda that ever sprang from the Navy.

Every author with anything of worth to say is a propagandist.

Every actor who interprets worthy work is a propagandist.

Every musician who composes or interprets worthy work is a propagandist.

The artist who is true to his art is a propagandist.

A judge is a propagandist of justice.

A doctor is a propagandist of health.

A professor is a propagandist of knowledge.

Surely, then, no Englishman need be ashamed of the somewhat

belated efforts of this country to propagate the righteous motives of the British Empire in this war, or the clean bravery that could only spring from such righteous convictions.

#### Herr Scheidemann as Propagandist.

We are beginning to teach the Germans the true uses of propaganda. It is most refreshing, for example, to find Herr Scheidemann coming into line with our ideas. The famous Socialist leader has discovered at last the iniquity of his own race.

"There is nothing more horrible," he says, "than air attacks on open towns outside the war zone."

Never mind how he discovered this great truth. He has discovered it. We tried to tell him about it for three years, and he would not listen. We tried to point out to him that the women and children, the old people and the sick people of London and certain of our seaside resorts had done nothing to deserve death or mutilation at the hands of German airmen.

We could not convince him. Our speakers were eloquent on the subject; our preachers were denunciatory; our leader-writers fulminated in their wrath. And then some of our very young men took the matter in hand. They saw the necessity for more detonating propaganda. They realised that Herr Scheidemann, for all his gifts, was a little deaf. The voices of the orators and the preachers did not reach him. So our young men went a little nearer and preached rather more loudly.

#### Subtle Propaganda.

Sometimes, it must be confessed, our propaganda is a trifle too subtle for the average man.

There is, in a certain quarter of London, a remarkable and a very touching statue. It stands with its back to a great hotel. It is flanked, from behind, by another great hotel on the left and a famous Bohemian club on the right.

It is the statue of a tall, lean, kindly-looking gentleman who devoted the whole of his life to urging on his fellow-countrymen the necessity for abstention from alcoholic fluids. It was an uphill

game, for alcoholic fluid has had its place in the routine of the average man since the great principle of fermentation was first discovered. I don't know who discovered it, never having been the recipient, from a generous reader, of an encyclopædia. It may have been Cain, who was interested in fruits and other garden-produce. Anyway, this tall, lean gentleman, with trousers perennially ruffled (thanks to the art of the sculptor), had no use for it, and he wished us all to have no use for it, either.

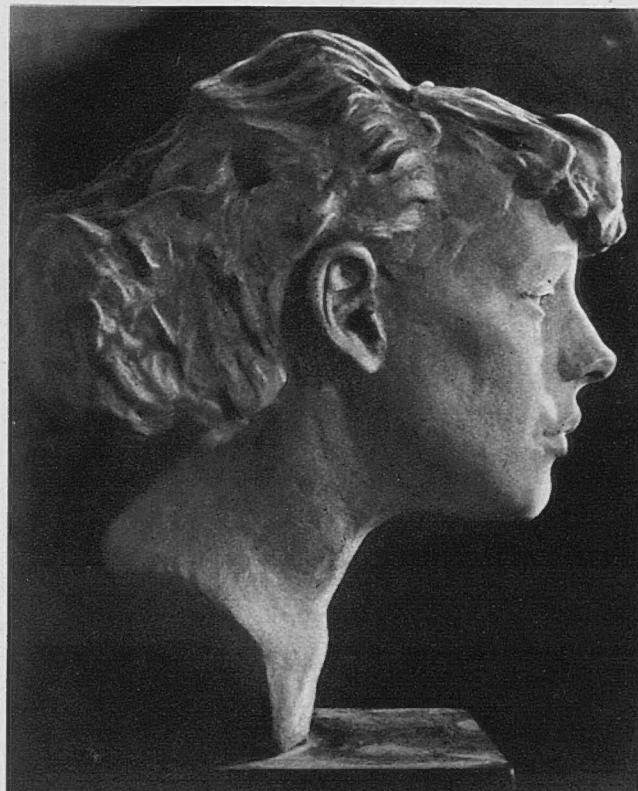
And now some ardent propagandist has caused this statue to be concealed from the eye of the public. This, as I say, is subtle propaganda—far too subtle for me. An explanation may be forthcoming from the propagandists of teetotalism. I hope it will, and that quickly, or their action may be misinterpreted by a perverse generation.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT DUNCAN GRINNELL-MILNE, R.A.F.:  
MISS TOOTS POUNDS.

Miss Toots Pounds—of the clever sisters, Lorna and Toots Pounds, who are in "The Bing Boys on Broadway," at the Alhambra—is engaged to Lieutenant Duncan Grinnell-Milne, of the Royal Air Force, son of Mr. G. Grinnell-Milne, of Ennismore Gardens. Lieutenant Grinnell-Milne was a prisoner in Germany for nearly three years, and escaped only recently. Photographs of the Misses Pounds at their Wraybury home appear on later pages of this issue.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]



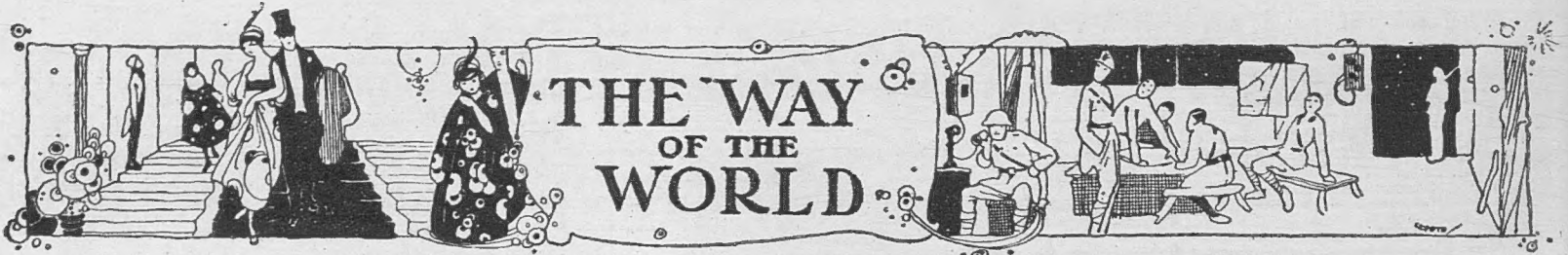
**MEUM AND — SCULPTUM: LIKENESSES AND DIFFERENCES.**

AS THE CAMERA SEES HER AND AS A WELL-KNOWN SCULPTOR LIMNED HER: MISS MEUM STEWART.

Miss Meum Stewart is the original of a series of marble busts and a painting by Mr. Jacob Epstein, which created considerable comment when shown at an exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers. Our photographs afford an opportunity of comparing the work of the sculptor with his original as portrayed by the camera. Miss

Meum Stewart, whose uncommon Christian name revives memories of Latin grammar and the difference between *meum* and *tuum*, is, of course, well known on the stage. We understand that she has been engaged by Mr. Charles Cochran to appear in his next production, rehearsals for which are in progress.—[Photographs by E. O. Hoppe.]





### The Clancarty Christening.

I made a change this week, and, instead of going to weddings, as is my usual custom during war-time, when one must do something to get cheered up, I looked in at the christening of the little daughter of Lord and Lady Clancarty, at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton. When I arrived, I was informed by everybody present, including Lady Catherine Le Poer Trench, Lady Grosvenor, and a number of other people whom I do not recollect, that the little one had just been vaccinated. Naturally, I offered my congratulations, and said that I was glad that the child was not going to be a passive resister, a vegetarian, an anti-vaccinationist, or anything else equally ridiculous. I thought my attitude in this serious matter would be generally applauded. "The poor mite!" exclaimed somebody, whom I think was Lady Shaftesbury, and the whole party swept away in evident indignation. As I am not particularly popular at christenings, I shall stick



"DEAR FRITZ IS SO SENSITIVE!" "At Stone, in Staffordshire, a clergyman has asked the local War Aims Committee not to hang up the propaganda posters, because it might hurt the feelings of the enemy prisoners in the camp opposite."—*Daily Paper.*

to weddings for the future, where one is, at any rate, allowed to exercise certain harmless humour.



A WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS AS WAR-TIME MATRON OF THE ACTORS' ORPHANAGE: \* MISS CONSTANCE HYEM.

Miss Constance Hyem, wife of Mr. Anslow J. Austin, has given up the stage to be Matron of the Actors' Orphanage for the "duration." *Photograph by Claude Harris.*

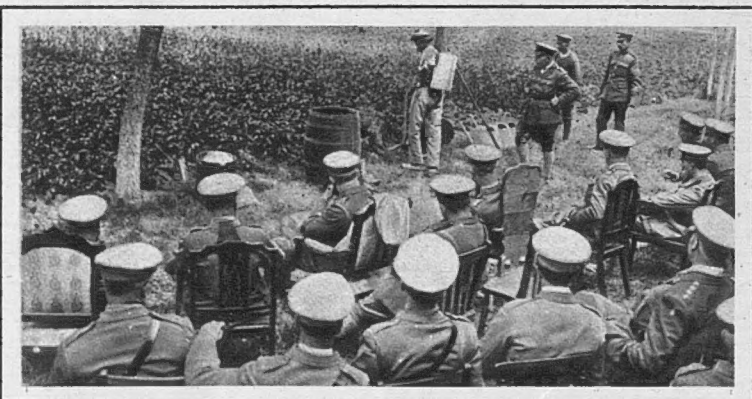
### Bilton Reminiscences.

Talking of Lord Clancarty reminds me that the niece of his first wife (the beautiful Belle Bilton, whom some of us do not mind confessing we are old enough to remember as one of the Sisters Bilton in the days when we all took hansom cabs to the London Pavilion to hear the sisters sing "Sweet Violets"), is still working on the Halls under the name of Violet Vandelle. If she had stuck to the advice of some of her friends, she would have been faithful to the name of

Bilton. The mother of the late Lady Clancarty is still alive and blooming in the little house at Charlton, which is Woolwich way.

### A Youthful Duchess.

One of the latest persons to run out of London is the Duchess of Beaufort, who has such a youthful appearance that it is difficult to realise



POTATO-SPRAYING AT THE BRITISH FRONT: A DEMONSTRATION BY THE DIRECTOR OF AGRICULTURE BEFORE ARMY REPRESENTATIVES. *Official Photograph.*

that she has a grown son by her first marriage, and that her two daughters by her second marriage would be of age to come out if it were not war-time. Some of you may remember that it came with something of a surprise when the Marquess of Worcester, who was looked upon as a confirmed bachelor, married, rather late in life, the Baroness Carlo de Tuyl, the daughter of the late Mr. W. H. Harford, Deputy Lieutenant for Gloucestershire.

### Pretty and Sporting.

The Duchess of Beaufort is still one of the prettiest women in the Peerage. Her exquisite complexion, which her children have inherited, is probably preserved better by the open-air life which, at any rate, she used to like to lead, than it would be by a series of London seasons of which she was never fond. There used to be no better rider to hounds in England, and she was one of the few women who still clung to the trim riding-habits and top-hats of an earlier

generation, when these aspects of fashion had become largely of historical interest.



A POPULAR HOSTESS OF AUSTRALIAN OFFICERS AND MEN: MRS. DUNCAN CAMERON.

*Photograph by Elwin Neame.*

generation, when these aspects of fashion had become largely of historical interest.

### More.

The Duchess has always taken a great delight and interest in music. She sings and plays really well, and is frequently at the opera. The Duke of Beaufort was once in the Blues, and is famous as a first-rate sportsman. Badminton House, near Chippenham, in Wiltshire, is an immense mansion with some

fine rooms and much carving by Grinling Gibbons; and there is an unrivalled collection of Somerset portraits, from John o' Gaunt and his son downward. The Beaufort dukedom dates back to 1682.

### Flu—and Queen Amélie.

The "flu" fever has proved itself, so far as those at home have been concerned, to be something decidedly worse than the German Offensive. I am told that one of the latest victims is Queen Amélie of Portugal, and, of course, wish her speedy recovery.

### An Orleans Princess.

As becomes an Orleans Princess, Queen Amélie takes the keenest interest in France and France's progress in the war. Last year she resumed nursing at a base hospital. The night she left London she was seen off by her son, King Manuel, and the Marquis de Soveral.

Queen and Clerk. I remember well a certain evening four years ago, when Queen Alexandra paid a surprise visit to Devonshire House and quietly watched Queen Amélie of Portugal working as a clerk there. Queen Alexandra entered the room



KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS IN LONDON: AT THE OPENING OF A CLUB IN EDGWARE ROAD.

The Knights of Columbus are leading Catholic laymen in the United States. The club in Edgware Road is for men of all sects in the American and Canadian armies. In the group (left to right) are: (front row) Monsignor A. S. Barnes, Dr. E. W. Buckley, Mr. J. J. McGraw; (back row) Captain I. J. Daniel, Lieutenant J. Duggan, Mr. Joseph Scott, Mr. J. W. McBride. *[Photograph by L.N.A.]*



### DANGERS OF PEDESTRIANS.

"The young lady was too proud to answer me, and simply threw a scornful laugh out of the window."—*A complainant at Willesden Police Court.*



unannounced, and Queen Amélie, wholly absorbed in her duties, was unaware of her presence until, with a smile, her Majesty tapped the Queen-clerk on her shoulder and congratulated her on her industry.

#### Funds Wanted.

Queen Amélie told the Queen-Mother then that some 2500 trained nurses were enrolled at the time as members of the Red Cross Society. I may tell you that it is estimated that the funds obtained up to the present, although extensive, will not last long enough to pay the nursing and medical staff in the future.

#### Robey to the Rescue.

But since that date there has, of course, been the dramatic entrance of Mr. George Robey, who has made it his war-business to discover and claim money for all war charities. While I was talking to Delysia the other afternoon at the Criterion, George, who is ever a pushful person, brushed past me, but paused to apologise. Of course, Alice asked him all about his various charitable enterprises.

#### A £400 Dollar Bill.

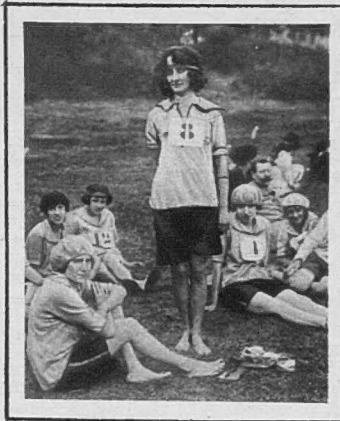
He was very proud of his record at the Coliseum, and very interested in the mysterious identity of the American soldier who had given him a dollar bill from the gallery at the Empire, Liverpool. The American in question had only one dollar bill left in the world, so he asked for half-a-dollar change, and this was given to him. Since then Mr. Robey has consistently—and, if we were in pre-war times, I should say unscrupulously—auctioned the bill, with the result that it has, at the time of writing, reached the sum of £400. As Mr. Taft, former President of the United States, once remarked in my hearing, "Heaven only knows what it has reached by now."

#### Grey to the Fore.

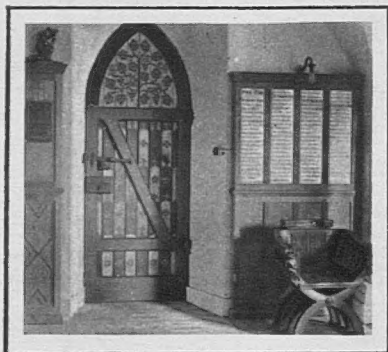
Is the prevalence of grey frocks a sign of the Puritan influence among women? Queen Mary used to wear grey constantly, and on certain public occasions still appears in that garb. I counted six grey toilettes at the Ritz the other afternoon, and walked out into Piccadilly just in time to see four others, with dark blue added, passing the Naval Exhibition.

#### Lady Campden.

Among those on the convalescing list is Viscountess Campden, who married the son and heir of the Earl of Gainsborough. Her husband was regarded



THE EMANCIPATION OF THE FRENCH JEUNE FILLE OF GOOD FAMILY: THE VICOMTESSE DU LESLAY (STANDING) AND MEMBERS OF HER ATHLETIC CLUB.—[Photograph by C.N.]



HARROW'S WAR-SHRINE: PART OF THE CHAPEL CRYPT AND THE ROLL OF HONOUR.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

at one time as one of the many budding diplomats, but he preferred the sword when the war broke out. Before her marriage she was Miss Alice Mary Eyre, and her illness just now recalls to me the fact that some years ago a society sensation was caused by the breaking-off of the young Viscount's engagement to Miss Egerton Castle, the only child of the well-known novelists, Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle.

#### A Beautiful "Castle."

I remember the kind things which were said about Miss Egerton Castle, who was a beautiful brunette. She was well read, an amateur actress of considerable ability, wrote cleverly, and made a specialty of dancing. Also, she composed a Greek Sword Dance for the Countess of Cromartie's mystic play, "The Finding of the Sword."

#### A Flu Tragedy.

Still pursuing the subject of the 'flu, which seems to run through my notes like a connecting, if ungolden, thread, I am reminded that influenza is responsible for another tragedy. Sir Archibald Lucas-Tooth, a



NOW AN ANNEXE TO THE AMERICAN OFFICERS' INN: THE DRAWING-ROOM IN CHANDOS HOUSE, THE TOWN RESIDENCE OF CORA, COUNTESS OF STRAFFORD.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

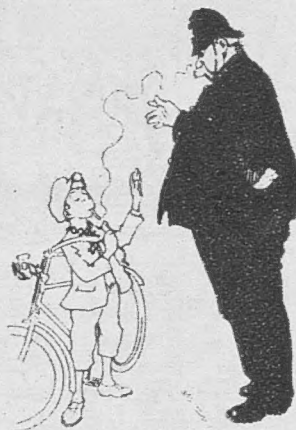
Major of the H.A.C., has died in a hospital abroad of pneumonia following an attack of the universal scourge.

#### Lord Grey and the Porter.

Strolling in the quiet and old-world atmosphere of Queen Anne's Gate the other evening, I saw a pale-faced man of somewhat noble bearing carrying a number of boxes from an open door to a taxi-cab. "Whatever are you doing!" I remarked, and he replied, with a smile, "We must all be our own porters in war-time—there is very little else for us to do." It was Lord Grey of Fal-loden. I helped with the boxes.

#### Ellen Terry; and the Stage.

I have had a very charming letter from dear, delightful Ellen Terry, who says that she is busy picking cherries down in Kent. She also says that, some time in the autumn, she will make her reappearance on the West End stage.



"OUR BOYS."

"Can't pay. Been laid up with flu, no right to come here," said a diminutive youth when he was fined 10s. at the Guildhall for obstructing in Bishopsgate. A brawny constable said that the boy pulled his bicycle right across the line of traffic, and when ordered to move on proceeded leisurely to light a cigarette, and threatened to knock witness down and flatten him out. He was given a week in which to pay.—*Daily Paper.*

#### Sir Archibald.

As I met him in London, Sir Archibald was a charming, genial, if rather sprightly, companion. I remember on one occasion, when I took him by force to a City dinner, that he complained bitterly because his neighbour suggested to him that it would not



A FORE-SOME BIRD!

"In the evening at dusk wild swans can be seen flying over Baling Golf Links and at Park Royal."—*Daily Paper.*

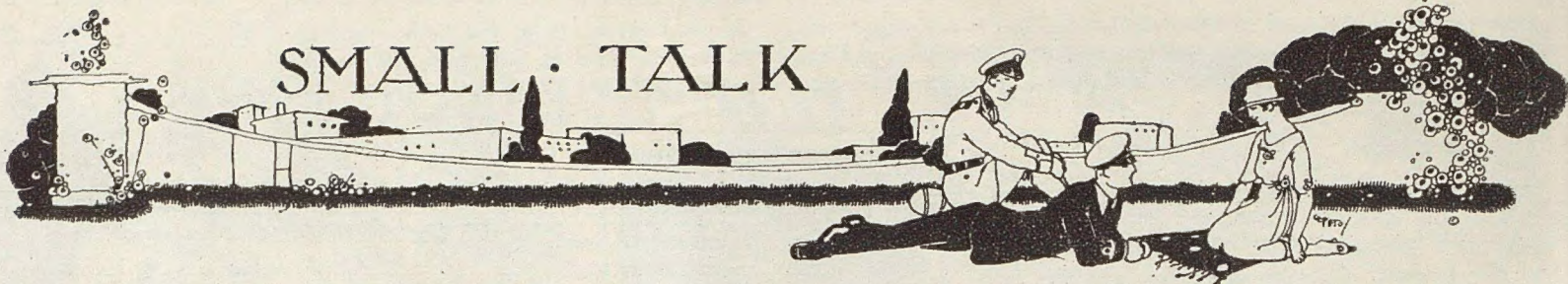


THE QUEEN'S "SHOWER" OF SILVER WEDDING GIFTS FOR THE SICK AND WOUNDED: HER MAJESTY, WITH PRINCESS MARY AND PRINCESS BEATRICE, AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF HER NEEDLEWORK GUILD.

The great "shower" of nearly 600,000 gifts collected by Queen Mary's Needlework Guild was presented to her by Princess Beatrice, at Friary Court, St. James's Palace, the Guild's headquarters, on July 15, when this photograph was taken.—[Photograph by C.N.]



## SMALL TALK



THE talents of the titled grow with every week of the war. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that it needed the war to bring their existence to light. The Countess of Kinnoull has been making her début—and a successful one at that—as a charity auctioneer, thus adding to the laurels she gained as a saleswoman behind a chemist's counter at Perth three years ago. Perth succumbed *en masse* to temptation in the guise of a Countess selling soaps and scents and powders in a good cause, and their example was followed by the bidders at last week's auction, who, though quite familiar with Countesses—whether temporarily behind the counter, on the rostrum, or in society—had just had first-hand information of what it means to be a British prisoner in German hands. But Lady Kinnoull has other than purely philanthropic claims to distinction—she has worked hard for war “causes.” As Miss Mollie Darell she was known as a highly skilled violinist, and has a pretty gift for verse, as instanced in “Thoughts,” her little volume of poems.



ENGAGED: MISS ENID M. K. O'CONNOR.

Miss O'Connor, whose engagement to Captain G. E. F. Sutton, M.C., Royal Air Force, is announced, is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. O'Connor, of Ballygunge, Calcutta, and Ballygunge, St. George's Hill, Weybridge.—[Photo. by Bassano.]

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### The American Rhondda.

Mr. Hoover, the American Food Controller, who is shortly to be our visitor, may learn a good deal from Mr. Clynes—but, on the other hand, is likely to contribute as much as he takes. He is distinctly one of Mr. Wilson's finds. A young man, rather shy, physically imposing, he has shown a knack of organisation, with a fund of push-and-go energy, that have made his formidable task possible. It is an easier matter to ration people who are actually short than to impose privations in a land of plenty for the sake of less fortunate foreigners. It says much for Hoover's tact that he has got the Americans to agree wholeheartedly in measures necessary for the welfare of the Alliance as a whole. We at least owe a great debt to this able and courageous American.

### Extremes Meet.

The Ministry of Food seems fated to provide piquant social contrasts. Till Lord Rhondda's death it had a millionaire chief and a proletarian deputy; now the deputy, become chief in his turn, has chosen another millionaire for his Parliamentary Secretary. At least, Major Waldorf Astor, if he is not millionaire, will be one some day—let us hope far distant.

He is the son, of course, of Lord Astor of Hever, once known as William Waldorf Astor, and as one of the richest citizens of the great Republic. Lord Astor determined to become a British subject when Major Astor was twenty years of age, in order that the latter might automatically attain British nationality before his majority. I shall be surprised if Major Astor does not reach a very high position in politics. He has a keen brain, and is painstaking as well as brilliant. He takes a great deal of interest in social questions, and is a good all-round sportsman.

### Mr. Roosevelt's Loss.

General sympathy will go out to Mr. Roosevelt in the loss of his youngest son Quentin, who was brought down in an air-fight during the great German offensive. Mr. Roosevelt, in the family sense, has thrown all in for the good of the cause he has so much at heart. Quentin was one of four sons at the front. One, Archibald, has been already wounded. Kermit, who became famous as the companion of the ex-President during his voyage of discovery in South America, is a Major. Mr. Roosevelt himself volunteered his services. I wonder whether any American family has a better record.



ENGAGED: MISS CYNTHIA THOMPSON.

Miss Thompson is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Thompson, Whitehall Court, S.W. Her engagement to Mr. Esme Donovan, son of Major and Mrs. Donovan, Carbrooke Hall, Thetford, is announced.

Photograph by Swaine.



SUPERINTENDENT OF A SOLDIERS' CLUB IN ROUEN: LADY LEWIS.

Lady Lewis is the wife of Sir F. W. Lewis, Bt., the Chairman of the Furness Withy Line. She has been Superintendent of the United Army Board Soldiers' Club in Rouen since its formation, and has been working there with her daughter, Miss Freda Lewis, and seven lady-workers. Her homes are 19, Cavendish Square, W., and Essendon, Herts.

Photograph by Foulham and Banfield, Ltd.



ENGAGED: MISS HERMIONE TOLLEMACHE.

Miss Hermione Tollemache is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Tollemache. Her engagement to Captain Guy Pelham-Clinton, M.C., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pelham-Clinton, of Eccleston Square, is announced.

Photograph by Bassano.

### A Polyglot Meeting.

Some foretaste of what the Peace Conference will be is afforded by the experience of the British delegates at the Hague. The President was a Dutchman, and he was addressed by the British in English and by the Germans in German, while he replied in French. But a good many diplomatic conferences in the past have been attended by worse linguistic difficulties. While French was understood by everybody of education, the German States, through jealousy, declined to use that medium, and, as few civilised people understood German, all speeches and documents had to be translated from good French into very bad Latin. Latin continued to be the diplomatic language of Austria right down to the nineteenth century. When George I. came to this country there was only one Minister, Carteret, who could speak to him in German. Walpole and the others had to accept him as an interpreter; but, becoming suspicious that he used his position unfairly, they made shift to get on with such Latin as they could remember.



ENGAGED: MISS AUDREY MONEY.

Miss Audrey Money, whose engagement to Sub-Lt. the Hon. Frank Hopwood, R.N.V.R., younger son of Lord Southborough, is announced, is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Money, of Ashurstwood House, East Grinstead.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



TO MARRY IN JULY: MISS CECELY GREY-EGERTON.

Miss Cecely Grey-Egerton is the only daughter of that well-known sportsman Major Sir Philip Grey-Egerton, twelfth Baronet. Her wedding with Colonel Denys Prideaux-Brune is arranged to take place this month.

Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.



# "THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP": AN IDEAL NAVVY.

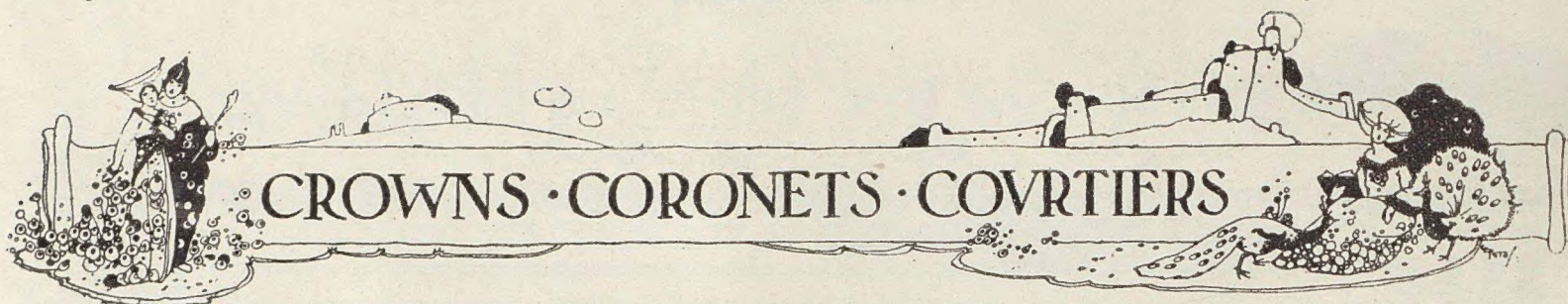


*A Metamorphosis Unknown to Ovid—Woman Turned Shipwright:  
Miss Pauline Hall as "Our Labor," in a New York Patriotic Revue.*

The war has brought about many strange metamorphoses, not least in the pursuits and costume of woman, who has introduced a touch of dainty femininity into various industries once the monopoly of unlovely man. The agricultural labourer has blossomed into the land girl, and even the navy has "suffered a sea change into something rich and

strange." America knows these transformations, like ourselves. The American woman shipwright of to-day is typified in this photograph of Miss Pauline Hall, taken as she appears in a patriotic revue given by the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic, "atop" the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York.—[Photograph by Campbell Studios.]





**P**ROBLEMS of precedence! The Court Newsman has his work cut out nowadays, and strict laws of custom go by the board—even at the board of Buckingham Palace! Politeness to the visitors from Overseas had a preponderating influence on the list-making for the royal dinner-party at which Mr. Hughes comes first, Mr. Lloyd second, Sir Joseph Ward third, and Lords Salisbury, Selborne, and Hardinge nowhere. But the guest of the evening was neither a Premier nor a Peer. It was Mr. Kipling, whom every Colonial was delighted to see, and who was almost embraced as a countryman by Sir Satyendra Sinha. One line of Kipling's at least the Indian statesman has by heart, "Of no mean city am I"—in allusion to his birth in Bombay. And the Peers, put down a precedence-peg by the Premiers, had their full measure of compensation. They were listed ahead of the author of "The Seven Seas" and "Plain Tales from the Hills."

Among the many distinguished Americans, past fighting age, who have come to the aid of the Allies in England or France is Major Richard Tobin, banker, of San Francisco. When Lord Russell of Killowen visited the States in the eighteenthies he met Major Tobin's father, and made notes in the diary he sent home. These averred that "there is little love for England among the American people, and that among the majority of the Irish of all classes and position the feeling is one of implacable, irreconcilable hatred of England." Mr. Tobin further said he had "no doubt that in San Francisco alone he could raise at least 12,000 men who, without thought of pay, would fight in any war by the side of any people against England." And Lord Russell doubted "if there could be much exaggeration in this statement."



A SNAPSHOT FROM IRELAND: MISS GLADYS GREENWOOD AND THE HON. MRS. IAN MAITLAND. Miss Greenwood is a sister of Sir Hamar Greenwood, Bt., M.P., one of the first Members of Parliament to seek military service in the Great War. The Hon. Mrs. Maitland (in white), before her marriage to the heir of Viscount Maitland, son of the Earl of Lauderdale, was Miss Ethel Bell-Irving, daughter of Mr. James Jardine Bell-Irving. Her husband is a Captain in the Cameron Highlanders. Both ladies are assiduous war-workers.

Photograph by Poole, Waterford.

Allies. The case is typical. Thirty-five years have brought to naught the wisest wisdom of the wise.

An L.C.J.'s  
Wagers.

And what is even more remarkable is this—that twenty per cent. of the U.S. troops now in Europe are of Irish lineage. That will be thought a moderate computation by anyone who has attended the U. S. Army and Navy sports, such as the baseball contest at Chelsea,



A PEER'S SON AT A MATINÉE: THE HON. STEPHEN TENNANT. Very quaint and fascinating is this photograph of the Hon. Stephen Tennant, the twelve-year-old son of Lord and Lady Glenconner, as he appeared at the Countess of Lytton's recent war matinée.

Photograph by Hugh Cecil.

Both men are gone now, but Mr. Tobin's son has crossed the Atlantic and accepted a majority in the U.S. Army to do all he can for the success of the

enjoyed by the King. The Irish-American accent fills the air. But whereas the Irishman at home associates betting with his sports, the Irish-American would have been ranked by Lord Russell as something of a degenerate. That great Anglo-Irishman used even to take odds while he sat to Sargent for his portrait. And on the occasion of his visit to America he gave, in a letter to his wife, this characteristic account of the landing: "On nearing New York the betting was fast and furious. For instance, we were hourly expecting to meet our pilot, and many were the wagers as to his age, whether married or single, whether he wore a moustache, whether the years of his age were odd or even—and, as a climax of absurdity, whether on boarding the ship his left or his right foot would first touch the deck." The last-named event was undecided—he leapt on deck.

Though von Kuhlmann, when First Secretary of the German Embassy in London, was not nearly so popular in society as his chief, Prince Lichnowsky, he made nevertheless many friends, received much hospitality, and was well considered at Court. His retirement into private life, following on Prince Lichnowsky's, has therefore been much canvassed among his former acquaintances, and the general opinion is that a stay in London is the very best cure for the craze of World Power. It is fatal to the germs of the worst form of Germanism. Slaves cannot breathe in England—nor, it seems, whole-hearted Germans either.

"The Prince." Tit for tat. Prince Lichnowsky's pen-portraits of prominent Englishmen have amused the town, and a little snapshot of the Prince himself, in the same manner, seems to be due. A Pole, and not a Prussian, the Prince came to England with prepossessions in his favour. He was a good shot, but something wrong with one of his feet kept him from being an active sportsman. He liked clothes. Even when in Germany he sent to London for them, maintaining a larger wardrobe than that of any other diplomatist save only one, Lord Acton. He had nostarch about him, not even in his shirt-fronts, wearing instead of the regulation breast-plate a soft material, pleated. French yellow-backs were his favourite light reading, and he brought a detached judgment even to what men are most sensitive about—their personal appearance. A lady, whose beauty allowed her a great freedom of speech, said to him once that the passage of time had been kind to him, for, whereas he was once ugly, he was so no longer. "Never ugly," he said decisively; "only unusual." And she knew that he, and not she, had used the judicious word.



WORKING AT THE WAR OFFICE: MISS GLADYS SCULLY.

Miss Scully is the only daughter of His Honour Judge James Aloysius Scully, and her mother was, before her marriage, in 1888, the Hon. Gertrude Anne Gully, daughter of the first Viscount Selby.

Photograph by Swaine.



RUNNING THE BULL-DOG GIFT-HOUSE: LADY DOROTHY MILLS.

Lady Dorothy Mills is the wife of Captain Arthur Hobart Mills, of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, and was, before her marriage, Lady Dorothy Walpole, only daughter of the fifth Earl of Orford. Lady Dorothy's mother was the first wife of Lord Orford, and was Miss Louise Corbin, daughter of Mr. D. C. Corbin, of New York.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



## A ZEALOUS WAR-WORKER—NOW A V.A.D.



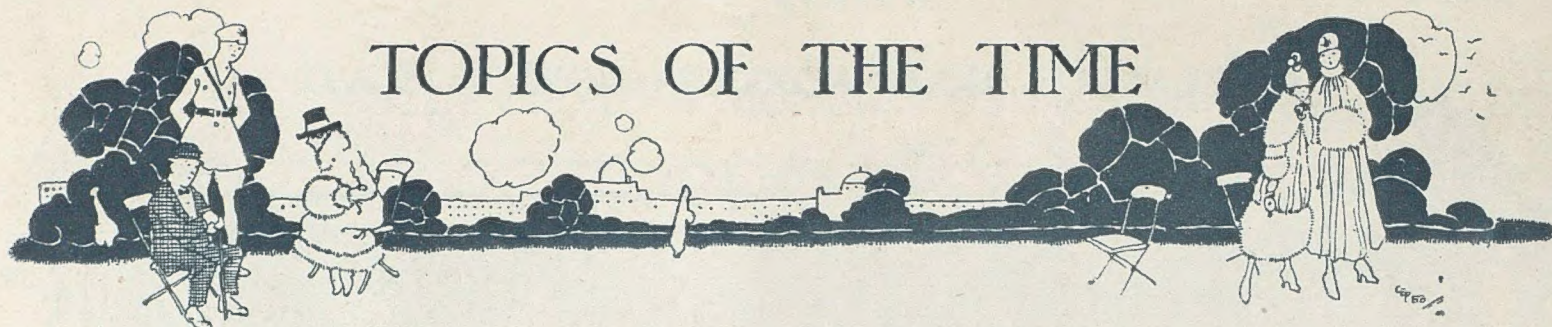
YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF LADY STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL: LADY CONGLETON.

For more than two years Lady Congleton was working at the beneficent task which is carried out with so much care and patience in the Wounded and Missing Enquiry Department of the Red Cross Society and Order of St. John of Jerusalem, at 18, Carlton House Terrace. At present she is

a V.A.D. member of the St. John's Ambulance Nursing Brigade. Lady Congleton is a daughter of Lady Strathcona and Mount Royal, who became a Baroness in her own right on the death of her father, the great Canadian, and is the wife of Mr. R. J. B. Howard, F.R.C.S.

*Photograph by Yevonde.*





YOU and I have not been going to church lately, and the Archbishops' Committee of Inquiry has found it out. But you and I need not be alarmed. The A.C.I. does not blame us. It blames the clergy. It tells the world what you and I have been telling ourselves ever since the day we became acquainted, through the casual diaphaneities of infant underwear, with the exceeding hardness of the unpadded pew—namely, that "too many of the clergy seem unable to do more than make a curious, artificial, throaty noise on notes of an uncertain pitch."

When you and I were tiny mites of four or five or six years old—a pair of dressed-up little sights, if honest truth were to be told—we sat with little girls and boys, of humble parents and of rich, while preachers made a throaty noise on notes of an uncertain pitch.

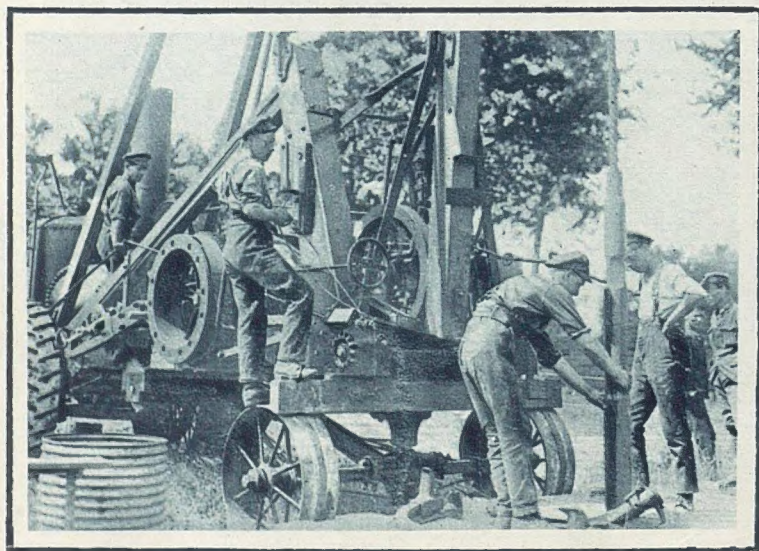
We did not mind it very much, we were not then "the hungry sheep"—indeed, our interest was such that most of us fell fast asleep. We sat and dreamed of dolls and toys, or stared at Peter in his niche, unmindful of the throaty noise on notes of an uncertain pitch.

But when the world we mixed among, met life and nibbled at its slice, we wished the Church had clearer sung the song of virtue and of vice. For who can fix one's moral poise, and tell for certain which is which, from memories of a throaty noise on notes of an uncertain pitch?

Girls, you are going to have standard frocks. The Wool Textiles Control Board says so—and the Wool Textiles Control Board sounds as if it ought to know. But there's no immediate danger, old things, for Sir Charles Sykes, the Director of the Wool Textile Production, says there must be considerable delay in the making up of your standard goods, owing to the large demand for military purposes. No doubt Sir Charles alludes to the sartorial needs of the Highland regiments.

It seems, according to report from where the woollen clothing made is, that factories are running short of standard cloth for frocks for ladies. And what I now would like to know, from any ladies' fashions quarter, if other cloth is not as low—and running, too, a good deal shorter?

Have you told your little dog the good news? I refer, of course, to the statement of Mr. Cecil J. Hayward, secretary of the

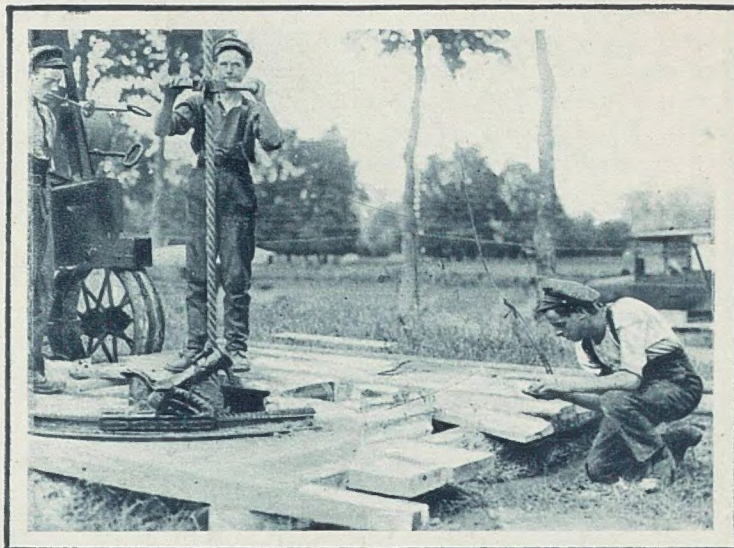


MODERN SCIENTIFIC METHODS OF OBTAINING A WATER-SUPPLY: BORING OPERATIONS AT A CANADIAN CAMP IN FRANCE.

Canadian War Records.

Dog Owners' Defence Association, that the Wheat Commission is now releasing low-grade flour and a quantity of maize, and that all danger of shortage of food for dogs is therefore removed.

There is joy in the camp of the Fidos, there is feasting and singing of song, with its fol-de-rol-diddle-dol-didos, not to mention its derry-ding-dong. There is larking, and barking, and ragging, and a racing and chasing to add, and a lashing of tails and a wagging like a feathery forest gone mad!



BORING FOR WATER IN A CANADIAN CAMP IN FRANCE: A SOLDIER (ON THE RIGHT) EXAMINING SHALE BROUGHT UP WITH THE WATER.

Canadian War Records.

But at home, where the "pitty bow-wow-sing" lives a languorous life in a lap, it is twenty to one there'll be grouching on the part of the "sweet ickle chap." From the "cush" where he revels in resting, and is fed on the best by the hour, he will "write to the papers" protesting that "we dogs should have higher-grade flour."

(I've a notion I've strayed on a moral which the quick-to-perceive will apply to those "Lovers of Justice" who quarrel with the hardships they don't mean to try. They can stir up a flame like the bellows—which they rather resemble in speech—but are careful to "stand by" their fellows where the danger is not within reach!)

"Come on and fight!" the Tommy said to Fritz, who crouched and hid his head behind the bags, all piled and spread in banks. "Come on and fight!" again he cried to Fritz upon the other side. At last a shaky voice replied, "NO TANKS!"

The Pecksniffs of the world are numerous, and now and again they overdo it, and are found attempting a holy, oleaginous deience of themselves in the criminal dock. I knew a dear old lady once who lost every shilling she had in the world through putting special trust in a solicitor who glibly adapted Scripture to the purposes of ordinary conversation, and who relieved the professional severity of his office walls by splashes of brightly coloured Biblical texts. But surely the Pecksniff Prize has been carried off (to prison for fifteen months, by the way) by the robber of charitable funds who had posted up over his eminently respectable desk the cheery message, "Let us rally round each other, making life a pleasant dream." Can't you just hear him?

"Ah, good-morning, worthy people! Make, I pray, thy pleasure known? Did I hear St. Mary's steeple, or was that the telephone? Oh, my Sister! Oh, my Brother! What is life but things that seem? Let us rally round each other, making life a pleasant dream!"

Speculation? Shall we scoff it? Shall we judge all human ranks? Pharaoh's Daughter found a profit in the rushes on the banks! What? One hundred? Risk another—cast your bread upon the stream! Let us rally round each other, making life a pleasant dream!—A. B. M.



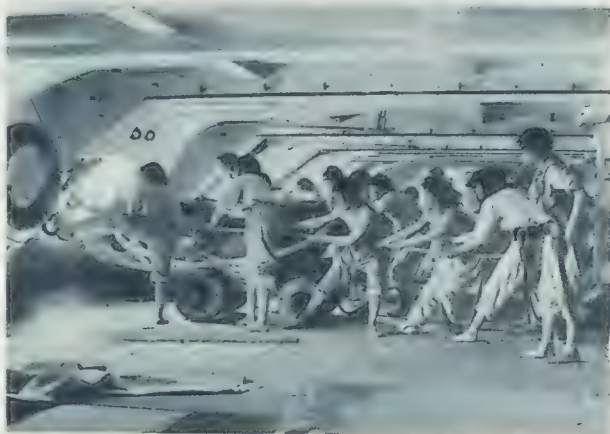
## RE-FILMING THE BURNED "NELSON": THE "VICTORY" AS STAGE.



TAKEN ON THE DECK OF THE "VICTORY": NELSON (MR. DONALD CALTHROP) WOUNDED AT THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.



TAKEN ON SOUTHSEA BEACH: NELSON, ACCOMPANIED BY CAPTAIN HARDY, WHEN LEAVING FOR TRAFALGAR.



AS AT TRAFALGAR: RUNNING OUT THE "VICTORY'S" BROADSIDE BATTERY ON BOARD WITH GUNS USED IN THE BATTLE.



WHERE NELSON DIED: IN THE "VICTORY'S" COCKPIT: NELSON (MR. D. CALTHROP) AND THE PRESENT COMMANDER ON BOARD (LIEUT.-COM. RUDDY).



THE "NELSON" OF THE FILM REPRODUCTION: MR. DONALD CALTHROP IN HIS LIFE-LIKE MAKE-UP.

At the time, on June 18, that a fire at a film-store on the outskirts of London destroyed Sir Hall Caine's set of propaganda films prepared for the Ministry of Information, another set of films, for educational purposes, designed as the "Nelson" series, showing the Admiral's career in pictures, was destroyed. It had been prepared by "International Exclusives, Ltd.," and certain of the scenes for it had been

taken locally, at Portsmouth and Southsea, and, with Admiralty sanction, on board the famous Nelson flag-ship "Victory" herself. Within four weeks of the fire the entire set of Nelson films has been retaken, and the cinema play reconstituted in as complete a form as it was originally designed to be. Some of the principal scenes, as again reproduced, are shown on this page.

Photographs supplied by Alfieri.



# TALES OF "TAILS UP!": SINGERS AND SCENES



THE SINGING OF "TAILS UP!" IN "THE TUNEFUL TALE CONTINUED": MISS PHYLLIS TITMUSS AND MR. ARTHUR DENTON—AND LADIES OF THE CHORUS.



MISS TEDDIE GERARD SINGING "THE APACHE RAG."



IN "THE TUNEFUL TALE CONTINUED": MISS MONKMAN AND MR. CHILDS IN "THE OLD BRAN-PIE" DANCE.

"Tails Up!" the very merry and bright revue—beg pardon! Musical Entertainment—at the Comedy, might well have been called "Tales Up!" for it is into Tales that it is divided. The London Night's Entertainment begins in a Cab Shelter, and as scenes we have "The Journalist's Tale of the Deserted Park," "The Strange Tale of the Brigadier-General who was Never Seen," a skit on the tortuous form-filling ways encountered by the Plain Man who finds it necessary



# THE MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT AT THE COMEDY.



"THE BRIGADIER-GENERAL WHO WAS NEVER SEEN":  
MR. GILBERT CHILDS AND MR. J. M. CAMPBELL.



MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN IN "ANY LITTLE  
THING."



"THE JOURNALIST'S TALE OF THE DESERTED PARK": THE SPECIAL COP (MISS  
PHYLLIS MONKMAN) FINDS A JOB HE CAN DO AS WELL AS ANY REGULAR!



MISS MARIE HEM-  
INGWAY AS EVIE.



sit certain Government Departments"; "The Continued Tale of the Deserted Park"; "The Curious Tale of the Intellectual Sergeant-Major"; "The Incredible of the 'Naughty Knife'; or, the Absent-Minded Actor Manager"; "The Tuneful Tale in the Blue-and-Gold Room"; "The Quaint Tale of Some London s"; and "The Tuneful Tale Continued."—[Photographs by the Stage Photo. Co.]



## NO STOCKINGS, DURABLE OR OTHERWISE, DU



"RATTLING" THE GRAND PIANO: Mlle. EDMÉE DORMEUIL  
IN A HARMONIOUS ATTITUDE.



NOT BUYING ANY MORE SHOES DURING THE WAR!  
PART OF HER PRE-WAR STOCK.



Mlle. EDMÉE DORMEUIL, SPINNER: WITH A SPECIMEN  
FROM HER COLLECTION OF CURIOS.



THE EDMÉE MARBLES, OR "THE STATUE AND THE  
BUST": Mlle. DORMEUIL AND HER ART TREASURES.

Mlle. Edmée Dormeuil is a charming young French actress who is well known on the London stage. Her last appearance, we believe, was in the boxing ring at the Theatrical Garden-Party. Her next will be in the musical version of the farce, "Oh, I Say!" which, according to present arrangements, will be produced at the Ambassadors Theatre in September, under the title of "Telling the Tale." Mlle. Dormeuil's tastes run in the direction of curios and *objets d'art*.

Photographs



## G "DURATION": BUT WHAT ABOUT SOCKS?



"WHERE FOOTLESS FANCIES DWELL AMONG THE FRAGMENTS OF THE GOLDEN DAY": A BEDSIDE PORTRAIT OF MLE. EDMÉE DORMEUIL.

among the latter being a bust of herself by Mr. Alfred Drury, as seen in one of our photographs. She is also fond of books, and has written one herself, of an autobiographical character, apparently, for it is called "My Soul Unadorned." It is expected to see the light shortly. Mlle. Dormeuil decided not to wear stockings during the war, and not to buy any more shoes; but, luckily for her unadorned "sole," she had fifty pairs already, which may last for "duration."



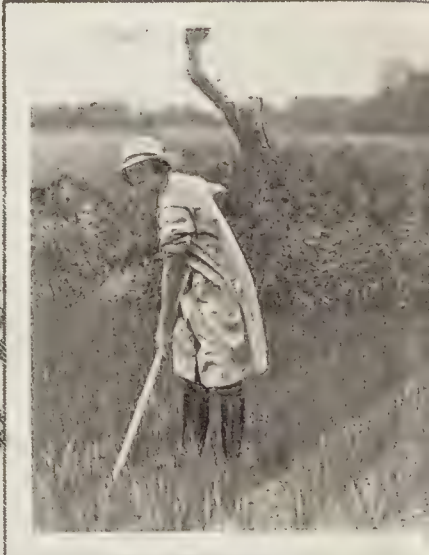
WHY PINE FOR AN "OLD SOUTHERN HOME"



FAR FROM BROADWAY: MISS LORNA POUNDS (ON THE BRIDGE) AND MISS TOOTS POUNDS (WITH A NET).



ENGAGED TO AN AIRMAN: MISS TOOTS POUNDS.



IN THEIR VEGETABLE GARDEN POUNDS HO



AT THE LOCK: MISS TOOTS POUNDS IN A PUNT; MISS LORNA POUNDS ABOVE.



"AND THE POUNDS WILL TAKE CARE OF THEMSELV WRAYS

The Misses Lorna and Toots Pounds, the well-known sisters whose presence in "The Bing Boys on Broadway," at the Alhambra, adds to the lightness and brightness of that popular revue, are seen here in the character of joint landed proprietors. At Wraysbury, on the Thames near Windsor, they run their own riverside estate of some acres entirely by themselves. Thus, in four weeks, they cut, made and stacked six acres of hay, and they also look after their own poultry and grow their own vegetables and flowers without the services of a gardener. They usually begin the day with a dip in the river, and, like most Australians, they are exper



# THEIR LITTLE WRAYSBURY HOME IN THE WEST.



R.) MISSES TOOTS AND LORNA  
ONION BED.



HAYMAKING: MISS  
LORNA POUNDS.



THE BEGINNING OF A PERFECT DAY: MISSES LORNA (IN FRONT)  
AND TOOTS POUNDS AT BATHING-TIME.



THE CHICKENS' HOUR: (L. TO R.) MISSES LORNA AND TOOTS  
POUNDS FEEDING THEIR FOWLS.

TO R.) MISSES TOOTS AND LORNA POUNDS AT THEIR

boating and fishing. Yet, in spite of possessing this delightful abode in the west, they sometimes dream, perhaps, of an older home "by the long wash of stralasian seas," that "Southern Home" of which they sing at the Alhambra—"Southern home—that's where I want to go: Southern home, where southern roses w. All the while I seem to hear you call. You are the best of all. Of you I'm dreaming, when the stars are gleaming. The only place I ever want to see: old Southern Home!" Miss Toots Pounds, of whom another portrait appears on our "Motley" page, recently became engaged to Lieut. Duncan Grinnell-Milne, R.A.F.



# PHRYNETTE'S LETTER FROM LONDON.



## A PEEP AT THE SEVEN VICES.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

JUST seen Delysia, back from her holidays in the Pyrenees, as brown as a berry, and now vigorously rehearsing her many parts in the "Old, Old Story." Have also had a peep at some of the dresses to be worn in the revue at the Pavilion—some brought by Mr. Cochran himself from Paris, and others in process of fabrication *chez* Elspeth Phelps.

In the first scene, A.D. 1978, Delysia will wear a grey frock, very short and very eccentric. I think it is in this scene that the "professional" women's frocks appear: those to be worn by Miss Hilda Dick and Miss Daisy Hancox will represent an Admiral and a K.C.

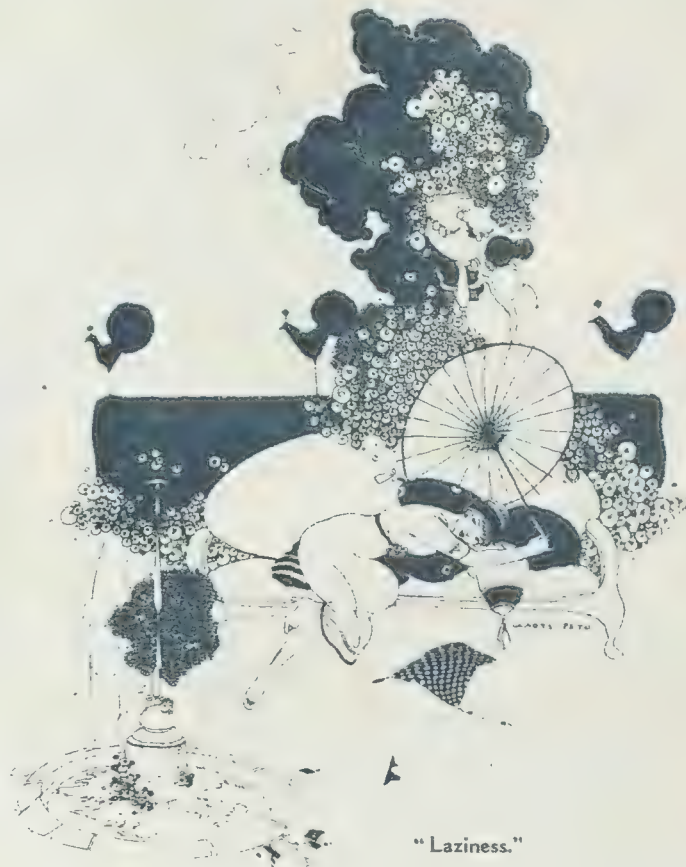
In Scene II. Delysia will be Ninon de l'Enclos in a yellow Pompadour gown, with a white wig and monstrous hat. As a Greek maiden, she will appear with bright red tresses; and, *tenez-vous bien* in the last scene she will be a monkey, BUT *toujours très chic*, for she is to be attended by a bird valet. Quite Shakespearian—what?

Among the many astonishing evening toilettes, all the very last cry from Paris, is one (to be worn by Miss Hilda Dick) all silver tissue trousers, jet breast-plate, and jet braces across the back. But most wonderful of all will be the "Ballet of the Seven Vices." In this Delysia will appear as Beelzebub, with black tights, red hat and tunic; she will be attended by Avarice, Luxury (May Flower), and Anger, represented by Miss Kathleen Maude, in scarlet gown, with snake head-dress. Miss Daisy Hancox will depict Laziness, in pink velvet pyjamas, with sleeves trimmed with cascades of lace, and trousers laced up each side. So that you would see, if you were to look (which you would not, *bien sûr*!), nice little calves. Makes you wish to be prodigal sons, *n'est-ce pas*?

Miss Hilda Dick will appear as Pride, in silver gown, with corselet and tasselled sleeves of pearls and sapphires; a bejewelled Juliet-cap

lines of the future, and so be able to wear them for *ever* such a long time—or until we are tired of them, which does not mean *quite* as long!

The morning of the 9th was one of anxiety; many eager eyes were turned to the glass in search of comfort—glass, *not* cup!—the thing that tells you stories about to-morrow's weather.



"Laziness."

On one's bed were spread the comfy, correct, convenient, inconspicuous tailor-made, and by its side that white silk stockingette suit that causes one to like oneself so well—which in which to bewitch? If that had been the only question! But a garden-fête in England (even in Royal Gardens) must have its *rite* of rain!

Evidently, though, Princess Patricia had more faith in your climate, for she appeared in a white frock trimmed with blue, a white fox stole, and a hat with a floral crown. And the sun shone!

No one on that occasion, however, needed the fans so charmingly sold by Lady Diana Manners, smiling sweetly under a large shady hat, for there was a strong breeze blowing the whole afternoon.

It is astonishing the number of people one knows who have celebrated their silver wedding day lately! Yet some look much too young for that, and others too old. As I was asking Cynicuss, who naturally knows all things, being a man. This time he thought it expedient to tell me a story apropos.

A Frenchman was on a visit to London, and his English friend took him one evening to the house of eminently and evidently respectable people, surrounded by their bourgeoisly large family, who were giving a party in honour of their golden wedding.

The host and husband welcomed and whiskied the Frenchman in the most approved manner, telling him the while the happiness this evening was bringing to them all. The Frenchman was smiling sympathetically, but only one word could he clearly catch—"wedding—wedding." Then the host took him towards his amiable and matronly wife at the far end of a room, saying as they proceeded, "Yes, Sir; forty years" (or is it fifty?) "have I lived in harmony with this lady!"

"And now you marry her?" said the Frenchman. "*A la bonne heure*, that's the right thing to do."



"Eager eyes were turned to the glass."

and an aura of ospreys will help to turn Fride's head, and also yours, *j'en ai bien peur*.

Now, as all this sounds very frivolous and fluffy and feminine—all things upon which you frown (*m'voui*!)—I will tell the humbugged hubby and simple papas, whose faith is limitless, that by seeing such smart shows we can have our new frocks made on the



## WORKERS IN WAR-TIME: SOME WELL-KNOWN LADIES.



WIFE OF A PEER'S HEIR:  
VISCOUNTESS COKE.



THE COUNTESS CURZON OF KEDLESTON:  
A NEW PORTRAIT.



A SPECIAL WAR PROBATIONER:  
MISS MILLICENT COLLIS.



A WORKER FOR THE ROYAL MEDICAL BENEVOLENT  
FUND GUILD: MRS. HANDFIELD-JONES.

The Viscountess Coke is the wife of the eldest son of the Earl of Leicester. He is a Captain in the Scots Guards, and she is the daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Walter Trefusis, C.B.—The Countess Curzon of Kedleston is the second wife of the first Earl Curzon of Kedleston. Before her marriage to Lord Curzon she was Miss Grace Elvina Hinds, daughter of the late Mr. Monroe Hinds, of Alabama, U.S.A., and widow of the late Mr. Alfred Duggan, Buenos Aires.—Miss

Millicent Collis is a special "War-Probationer" with three years' continuous service. She has worked on hospital-ships, and has just returned to this country after a year's service in Salonika.—Mrs. Handfield-Jones arranged the coconut-shies section at the Garden Party at the Botanic Gardens, for the Royal Medical Benevolent Fund Guild. Her husband is Dr. Handfield-Jones, obstetric surgeon to St. Mary's Hospital.—[Photographs 1, 2, by Swaine; 3, Yevonde; 4, Val l'Estrange.]





## THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



WHEN Miss Mills Young says in "The Laws of Chance"—another of her South African novels, and one of the cleverest of them—"Success crowns the individual who makes the pursuit of her his primary and ultimate object," she is summarising her heroine's opinion, and not setting down her own, for her story goes to show how all he wants may come in search of the man who has given up looking for it. The girl has money and social position; Curtis, who is wildly in love with her, has little of either; and before she can make up her mind about him she urges him to use his gifts, "do something," become "somebody," so that she may not seem to marry beneath her. But "You are inclined to make a fetish of ambition," he said; while his own philosophy is such as Geoffrey Dearmer puts into the tail of a sonnet—

So let me fail, for where I could succeed  
How mean the quest, a climber gazing down  
From the low vantage of some petty hill.  
But chance success would be the gambler's thrill  
Who plays with God for worlds, and wins indeed  
The whole of Paradise for half-a-crown.

And, as a matter of fact, Curtis ends by winning it for less.

But there are finer things than that in Geoffrey Dearmer's "Poems"—there are none finer, I think, in any book of verse that has been published since peace left us. He has a quiet, emotional intensity, and an exquisite sense of beauty that does not fail him even when the war is his theme.

All the same, there is something to be said for success and the need of working for it, especially when it is the sort of success that is continually happening in "Paul Campenhayne." Paul is a specialist in criminology, and the skill with which he unravels a mystery and deftly puts his hand on the criminal at the heart of it does not come to a man by chance, though luck helps him at thrilling moments.

J. S. Fletcher, by the way, is a versatile author who, when he is not busy with sensational stories, writes portly historical or topographical works; and the first book I picked up after reading "Paul Campenhayne" was his history of "The Making of Modern Yorkshire"—an admirable and interesting account of Yorkshire's agricultural, industrial, and general economic and social progress.

Two war stories that make the best of good reading are Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick's "Karen," and Thomas Cobb's "When Guy was in France." Mrs. Sidgwick knows Germany and the Germans intimately—she lived among them a good deal in old days; and it adds enormously to the grip and power of her story that she is not indiscriminate in her judgment of them. At the outset you detest the aristocratic Graf von Wolfram Hohenroda as much as Karen did when she met him in the train travelling into Germany, and he gave his natural arrogance and bad manners full play; but his suppressed better qualities are so subtly revealed that you not only understand how Karen could bring herself to love and marry him, but have a

kind of liking for him yourself, particularly when it comes to his being killed in a duel in defence of Karen's honour. But apart from him and Max, the pitiful little son of his first marriage, and one or two minor persons who are more stupid than vicious, none of Karen's German circle move you to anything but amusement or disgust. Karen narrowly escapes with her life, after the war starts, through trying to assist two British prisoners to escape; and that picture of the arrival of those prisoners and their reception by the crazed civilians and soldiery is vividly realised and full of a passionate resentment.

"While Guy was in France" is a love-story which might have run smoothly throughout but for the trickery of Oliver Mason. Cynthia was doubtful whether she loved Guy Warminster, but she liked him, and, under stress of an emotional crisis, became engaged

to him just before he went to France with his regiment. By-and-bye comes news that her brother has been killed in action; and Oliver Mason, an officer who was with him when he died, arrives home wounded and comes to see her. He is an attractive, masterful man, pays unmistakable attentions to her, and presently she realises that she is in love with him and her engagement to Guy was a mistake. Before this, he has startled Cynthia by disclosing that her brother had left a son, and had charged him to look for the girl he had wronged and help her. They search for and find Peggy Walters, and, in spite of the girl's timorous opposition, Cynthia takes her and her baby to live with her. Cynthia



A PEERESS-COMMANDANT OF HER OWN HOSPITAL: THE MARCHIONESS OF NORMANBY. The Marquess and Marchioness of Normanby turned their Yorkshire seat, Mulgrave Castle, Whitby, into a military hospital when the war began. The Marchioness, who is its commandant, has been "mentioned" for the good work done there.

Photograph by Yevonde.

and her brother had been alone in the world, and she has inherited his share of a large estate. Mason, the soul of honour, suggests that she ought to transfer her brother's share to his son, and she consents to this; but, as soon as it seems evident that she loves him and can be won, Mason evades carrying out that honourable arrangement; and if this gives you no clue to what is to come out later on, you should read the story—it is well written, with the ease and lightness of touch that make Thomas Cobb's books such pleasant reading.

If you like your sensation neat, you can have it so in "A Double Mask." Austin Damer, on a caravan holiday, is out painting, and his man, Hackett, is standing by, when Mrs. East and her daughter, riding past, stop to talk with him. Austin is in love with Miss East, and several men are in love with her mother. When they have gone on, Austin turns to his man and says, "If I stay in Inglefield, I do so on account of Miss East. Now, there was sheer terror in her mother's eyes when she noticed you. Where did you last meet?" And Hackett, twitching and cowering, whispers, "In the dock!" By then you are only at the end of the first chapter, so you have got a long way to go yet, and enough shocks and surprises to go through to leave you satisfied to take things quietly at last.

### BOOKS TO READ.

- The Laws of Chance. By F. E. Mills Young. (John Lane.)  
Poems. By Geoffrey Dearmer. (Heinemann.)  
Paul Campenhayne. By J. S. Fletcher. (Ward, Lock.)  
The Making of Modern Yorkshire. By J. S. Fletcher. (Allen and Unwin.)  
Karen. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. (Collins.)  
While Guy was in France. By Thomas Cobb. (Stanley Paul.)  
A Double Mask. By R. Norman Silver. (Jarrolds.)  
The Anchor. By M. T. H. Sadler. (Constable.)  
The Man from Trinidad. By the Author of "The Pointing Man." (Hutchinson.)  
For Dauntless France. By Laurence Binyon. (Hodder and Stoughton.)



A BUSY CANTEEN-WORKER: MISS DOROTHEA GRESWOLDE-WILLIAMS.

Miss Greswolde-Williams is a daughter of Captain F. W. Greswolde-Williams, of Bredenbury Court, Herefordshire, who has served in East Africa.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]





**"Look what I've made!"**

"Spills?" "Yes, do admire them. They're to light your Kenilworths, now that matches are so precious."

"The very thing. And they're almost as beauti-

fully made as Kenilworth Cigarettes themselves."

*Kenilworth Cigarettes are made of mellow golden Virginia leaf yielding a fascinating aroma. They will compare favourably with any Virginia Cigarettes you can obtain, no matter how high the price. Yet Kenilworths only cost 1/4 for 20, 3/3 50, 6/6 100.*

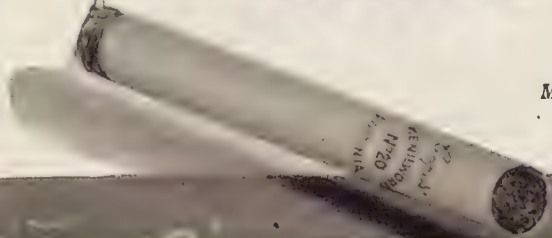
**FOR THE FRONT.**—We will post Kenilworth Cigarettes to Soldiers at the Front specially packed in airtight tins of 50 at 2/6 per 100, duty free. Postage 1/- for 200 to 300; 1/4 up to 900. **Minimum order 200.** Order through your Tobacconist or send remittance direct to us. Postal Address:—10, Lord Nelson Street, Liverpool.

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Manufacturers of High-class Cigarettes.





## NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH!



TOMMY (to the inquisitive gentleman who wants to know all about it): Then I fixed me bayonet—  
 THE INQUISITIVE ONE: Yes; but you said you'd lost your rifle.  
 TOMMY: Oh, well, I found one. An' I prodded sixteen Fritzes—  
 THE INQUISITIVE ONE: Sixteen—single-handed! Rather a lot, isn't it?  
 TOMMY: Oh; you don't want a yarn—you want a bloomin' argument.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



# MORRIS'S Yellow Seal Cigarettes

for the experienced  
and cultured smoker.

Every cigarette smoker who prides himself on being a judge, should try a box of these choice Virginia Cigarettes. They have that subtle touch of refinement, superiority and distinctiveness which stamps them immediately as the cigarette *I've been looking for.*

Estab. 1810.

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FOR  
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Ltd.,  
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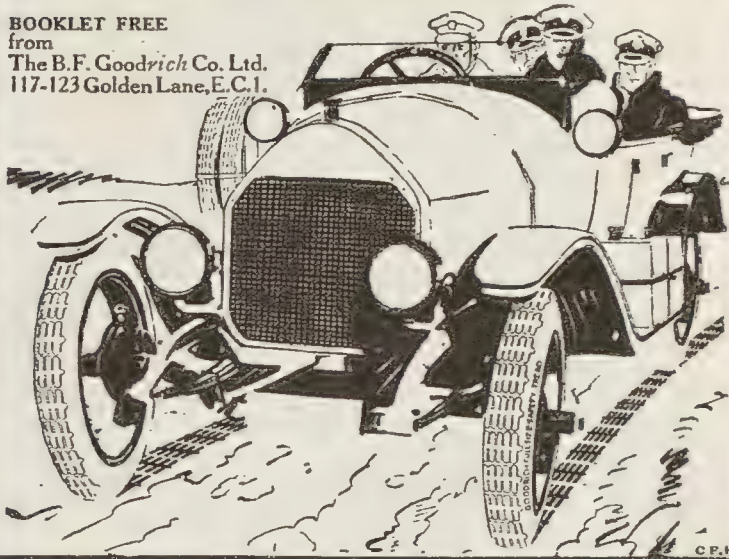
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SAFETY TREAD TYRES  
'BEST IN THE LONG RUN.'

GOODRICH TYRES demonstrate their superiority in every test they are put to on the rough roads at the Front or under any other trying conditions. Fit them to your Car.

ALWAYS USE—GOODRICH INNER TUBES.  
'BEST IN ANY CASE.'

BOOKLET FREE  
from  
The B.F. Goodrich Co. Ltd.  
117-123 Golden Lane, E.C.1.



*The advertisements of the House of Pope & Bradley occasionally appear to be "academic."*



*"A Summer Exhibition"*

Rilette's picture is again apropos of nothing—nothing disturbing. To disturb is to agitate. To agitate is to create a state of unrest. That is why, viewed in the royally academic manner, portraits of illustrious gentlemen of uncertain and unmilitary age, if not inspiring or beautiful, are disturbing.

While the mad world rolls on it is perhaps a healthy sign to know there are still exceptions unfit for the rôle of madness.

They are as striking as the difference between clothes and clothing.

## In the Gallery where the Fat Men Go

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY

FOUR years ago, in the days of offensive peace, men were beginning to express their individuality in clothes.

The young showed promising signs of discarding the ugly conventions of their ugly Victorian fathers. The era of drabness in thought and in fashion seemed dying. The manufacture of new and beautiful materials was again becoming an art. Style was reviving, and the world was becoming brighter.

All that is laid by. Expression is censored—individuality is unpatriotic—opinion an offence against "Dora." The world has become as dark and sombre as the clothes and minds of the old "In the Gallery where the Fat Men Go."

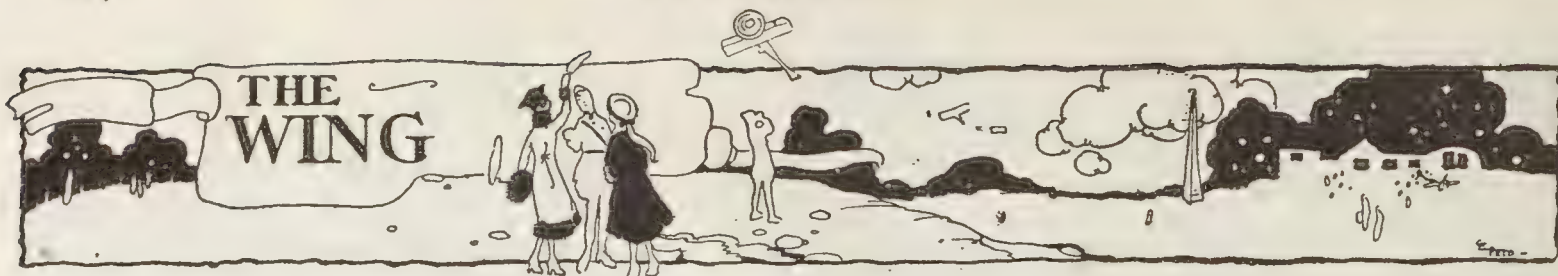
"If the lice were in their hair,  
And the scabs were on their tongue,  
And the rats were smiling there,  
Padding softly through the dung;  
Would they fix the pince-nez  
In the gentle urban way?  
Would the pictures still be hung  
In the gallery where the fat men go?"

LOUIS GOLDING.

When the furnace stoked by the old has burnt itself to ashes, and the remnants of youth return to life—when the tongue of youth is loosened and its voice once more becomes articulate, this House will see that youths' clothes shall again become individual; the standardisation and uniformity shall become a dead war relic, and new and finer materials shall express the mentality of a world which is going to be ruled by a new and finer generation.

Meanwhile, let us "get on with the war," as the Warriors in the House of Commons say, and mention the mundane fact that at 14, Old Bond Street, London, W. 1, the following prices at least keep within the border of sanity. Lounge Suits from £7 7s.; Dinner Suits from £10 10s.; Overcoats from £6 6s.; Service Jackets from £5 15s. 6d.; Slacks from £2 12s. 6d.; Bedford Cord Breeches from £4 4s.





## AIR LOSSES: THE INNER MEANING OF OFFICIAL FIGURES.

By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

PEOPLE who take an interest in the claims of the rival aerial forces to have destroyed one another in vast quantities are apt to be a bit confused by the apparent discrepancies between the figures published in the different communiqués. When they see that the Royal Air Force has been bringing down German aeroplanes at the rate of 40 or 50 a week, and occasionally 25 or 30 in a day, they cannot understand how the Germans can have the effrontery to state that they only lost, perhaps, 50 or 100 machines in a month. They jump immediately to the conclusion that the Germans are deliberately lying about their losses. The truth is that the Germans are probably telling the strict truth, according to the way in which they reckon their losses.

## The German Mode of Reckoning Losses.

Take, for example, a recent German summary of a month's air fighting, in which it was stated that the German flying men had brought down 468 of the Allies' aeroplanes, 217 of which fell into the Germans' hand, and 62 kite balloons, whereas the Germans claimed that they only lost 153 machines in the same period. Study of the British communiqués shows that nearer 250 German machines were brought down in the same period, by the R.A.F. alone, besides whatever number may have been brought down by the French and Italian and American aviators. The fact is, that the only aeroplane which the Germans count as "lost" is one which disappears, and is not heard of again. If a pilot gets back to his own territory he is obviously not lost. It does not matter whether he crashes his machine, or whether his observer is killed, or whether he himself is killed; so long as the High Command can account for him, and his machine, he is not lost. On the other hand, if he lands intact behind the enemy's lines, or if he is shot down wounded, or if he is killed, behind the enemy's lines, then he is lost, because he does not return.

## What the German Figures Really Mean.

The real meaning of the figures is that the German air force had been having a thoroughly bad time. Properly interpreted, they mean that out of probably 600 German machines which were shot down, only 153 came down behind the Allies' lines. All the rest fell in territory held by the Germans; *id est*, the parts of

## British Losses Claimed by the Germans.

"Ah! but," the 'cute person will say: "If you admit that the German's figures for his own losses are correct, you must admit that his other figures are correct, so what about the 217 Allied machines which he claims?" If the Allies attack over Hunland, it is only natural that they should lose a lot of



THE KING AT A BALLOON-TRAINING WING OF THE R.A.F.: HIS MAJESTY EXAMINING A MODEL BATTLE-SHIP.

Among other tests, balloon-observers, supposed to be at a height of 1000 ft., had to name models of war-ships of various types manœuvring on an ornamental lake, at a distance (arranged to scale) of 14 miles.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

machines. Practically every machine which suffered from engine failure would be compelled to come down in Hunland, probably intact and without harm to pilot or passenger. Likewise every machine which was shot down, perhaps because of one bullet hitting the engine or wounding the pilot slightly, would also fall in Hunland. If 217 machines belonging to the Allies did fall into the hands of the enemy it does not mean that the crews were killed; it only means that they are out of action for the duration of the war.

## R.A.F. Claims Under the Mark.

But, when the R.A.F. claim that they have shot down so many machines, it is quite another matter. Practically ever since the beginning of the war the R.F.C. has been most careful never to credit a pilot with having shot down a Hun unless his claim was properly authenticated, either by observers on the ground, such as the Anti-Aircraft gunners, who may have witnessed the scrap, or other pilots who were in the vicinity and saw it happen. Consequently our estimates may generally be taken as under rather than over the mark, for, among one's own friends in the R.A.F., one knows of many instances in which a fighting pilot has brought down an enemy, and has seen him crash, but has never claimed the victory because there were no witnesses to corroborate his statement.

## British Losses Lighter in Proportion.

Those who study the R.A.F. casualty list need not be alarmed and think the Germans are doing greater execution than heretofore. The losses are lighter in proportion than they used to be. In the first place, the R.A.F.

list now includes Naval, Military, and Independent Force losses all in one. Also, the whole force is far greater than the R.N.A.S. and R.F.C. combined used to be. Also, the list now appears to include home casualties and coast-patrol casualties, instead of only the casualties in the war-areas, as used to be the case. Therefore, though the numbers look large when regarded alone, they must be fairly light when one considers the thousands of men who are flying.



THE SHIP-RECOGNITION TEST FOR BALLOON-OBSERVERS: HIS MAJESTY "SPOTTING" MINIATURE WAR-SHIPS.

Tiny models, barely visible with the naked eye at 20 yards, had to be identified with the aid of strong glasses, as though at a distance. The King at once "spotted" a war-ship named after himself.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

France or Belgium which are commonly called "Hunland" by our flying people: which means that the Allies were attacking the whole time, and were flying over Hunland to such an extent that, whenever they shot down a Hun, he fell into the hands of his own people, and so was not lost. Consequently one sees that by publishing such strictly accurate figures about his losses, the German is also publishing to the world his inferiority in the air.





**GUNNER S. E. HARRIS,**  
**Royal Garrison Artillery,**  
**British Expeditionary Force.**

"I and my mates have derived great benefit from the Phosferine tablets my wife has sent out to me. I have been at the Front over a year and a-half, and have had a very lively time, taking part in many big actions, including the Somme and Ypres engagements and in the present pushes. I am engaged on observation and signalling work, etc., for the battery, which demands a pretty cool head at times. Anyhow, I found myself getting a bit run-down and feared a 'crack up,' but Phosferine has kept me from colds, toothache, rheumatism and such bodily as well as mental ills. Indeed, it has made a new man of me, and although since taking it I have had even more to do, I have found myself in altogether better 'fettle' and able to 'carry on.' You are at perfect liberty to use this letter if you wish."

**This intrepid gunner declares Phosferine is the only means by which he can withstand the nerve disorders and bodily hardships of active service—Phosferine ensured that additional vitality which prevented the threatened exhaustion of his natural forces.**

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Phosferine has a world-wide repute for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily, and at less cost, than any other preparation.

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## The "Egyptian" of the Egyptians

"Le Kanopus" is the real Egyptian Cigarette—the cigarette of the Egyptian who knows a good cigarette and can afford to pay for it. He is not content with imitations made in Europe—Why should you be? "Le Kanopus" has the subtle aroma and flavour of the true Egyptian made in Egypt from selected matured oriental tobaccos. No added cheap adulterations.

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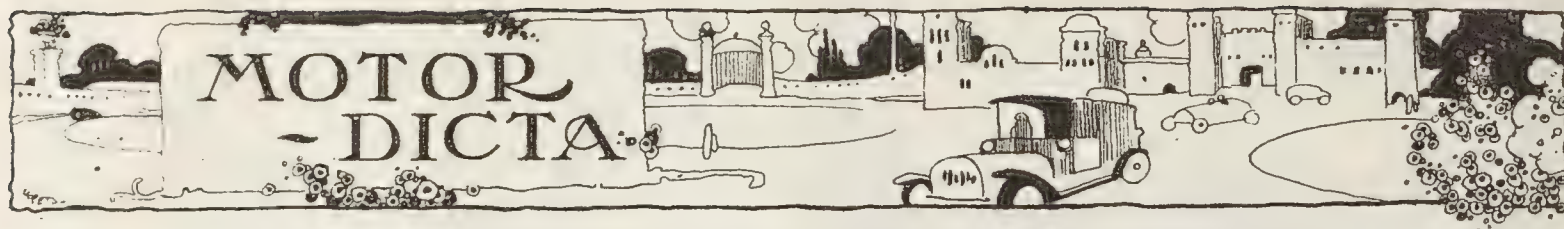
A cigarette of rare quality sold at a moderate price. If you appreciate a really good Egyptian you will not fail to be pleased with "Le Kanopus."

PRICES: 1/- for 10; 2/-, 20;  
5/-, 50; 9/11, 100.

High-class Tobacconists stock "Le Kanopus."  
Ask for this brand when you want a good Cigarette.







## TO FRANCE BY AN UNDER-SEA ROUTE.

By GERALD BISS.

## The Tunnel and the Motor?

Motorists have of recent years watched all references to the Channel Tunnel, both before and since the big bust-up of all preconceived ideas of established habits in August 1914, with a jealous eye; and it is of little satisfaction to them that the latest paper upon this deep-laid submarine scheme does not appear to take a road into consideration at all. It goes simply for two railway tunnels, one each way; but this, if it be brought to completion after the war, will benefit motorists and modern conditions of road locomotion very little, if at all. Surely those behind any scheme can enlarge their scope of vision and their too-circumscribed proposals to a third tunnel to accommodate one car or one lorry each way, no passing to be permitted under any circumstances while in the tunnel? Otherwise, the auto will be placed at a very unfair disadvantage with regard to its rival up aloft, the aeroplane, which will, as soon as the war is over (and the duration has now been definitely "defined," to our great academic gain!) buzz backwards and forwards day and night, to the bewilderment of Excise officers and the delight of smugglers. Further, such a third tunnel must not be short-sightedly regarded as merely a convenience for tourists and joy-riders, but as the best means under modern locomotory conditions for the direct delivery of many classes of goods, to the permanent benefit of both buyer and seller. But will railway jealousy and influence prove too strong? Our many and various motoring institutions, from the heaviest to the lightest thereof, must keep their headlights skinned and act in concert when the psychological moment arrives for the transfer of negotiations from the academic to the practical stage.

## A Business-like Scheme.

there is a less ambitious, and possibly a more business-like, scheme afoot under the auspices of the dear old Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, which embraces all the trade interests and most of the amateur ones, inasmuch as the latter react directly upon the welfare of the former. The new idea is that the S.M.M.T. shall from time to time, as the occasion demands or as advisability arises, summon consultative conferences of the other bodies for discussion. It will not allocate votes in proportion to the various organisations, or trespass upon their pet (and sometimes petty) provinces, or come to arbitrary decisions; but make for independent yet concerted action, with the seeds of a constructional policy in many uncontentious directions, such as a proper Motor-Car Act to meet modern conditions, a Channel Tunnel Bill which ignores mobile traffic, and plenty of other common necessities of automobilism. By the very moderation and unpretentiousness of its conception, the old parent

Motorists have of recent years watched all references to the Channel Tunnel, both before and since the big bust-up of all preconceived

body of the trade—which has a knack of getting there or thereabouts in the end, after the manner of the tortoise—looks like doing the trick yet once again, and I hope this logical conception of the situation may prove productive of much good and provocative of little dissension. The United Council, striving for the ideal in a wicked world that is not ideal, split on the rock of differentiation of interests. Perhaps out of this scheme of strict community the ideal may evolve, and we may yet see unity in council.

## A Muffled Note at the A.A.

At the annual meeting of the "A.A.," which used before the war ever to be merry as a marriage-bell, there was a muffled note, yet withal one not without optimism. Mr. Joynson-Hicks, M.P., well-beloved of the Alien Enemy uninterred—*je pense que non!*—ran up the "All right," and reported much treasure buried in the ground against the resurrection of the automobile. Joy-riding, he asserted, *nem. con.*, had been dead as a door-nail for eighteen months; and, more satisfactory than a fact we all know to our own immediate despite, he read a very nice message from Mr. Walter Long, head of the Petrol Control, through Sir John Cadman, his head executive officer, thanking all motorists for the sacrifices they had made so willingly in the national emergency. Figures can't be given too definitely, but the petrol saved in Great Britain (and—no, not Ireland once more, I fear!) had proved enough to keep the Army in France supplied for about four months. That makes good reading,

and goes a long way towards compensating for the none too sympathetic treatment meted out to dispetrolled motorists by the Berkeley Bureaucrats; but Mr. Long has always proved himself one of those pleasant politicians of sympathetic understanding who does the nastiest thing, when necessary, in the nicest possible way—a tip for the modern brood of political understrappers and dour devotees of Dora.

The Luxury Committee, which looks like proving a damp squib after all, had had, he reported, the case for the car plainly set out for its edification; and he concluded with an outline of a policy of reconstruction, including rebuilt roads, home-brewed fuel, and many other good things to make the mouth of the immobile motorist water. And so to lunch!

A Postponement. Apropos of associations, I have had a chit from the Motor Users Protection Association (or the British Motor League to be) to say that they have postponed their projected meeting for the present over the difficulty of preparing the necessary

printed matter. That, I opine, is their good fortune, if not their fault, as I do not regard the hour for launching any new motoring organisation as yet immediately to hand; and I think that the autumn will prove much more opportune, or even later, when the real end of the war will be more clearly in sight.



AT SOUTH GATE, KING'S LYNN:  
A POPULAR WOLSELEY.

King's Lynn (formerly Lynn Regis) was known until the time of Henry VIII. as Lynn Episcopi (Bishop's Lynn); the change came about when certain rights went from Church to Crown.



AT ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL: A 30-35-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER.

The world-famous Cathedral at Rochester is of very early foundation (604), but it was re-built in the late eleventh and early twelfth centuries, and enlarged in the thirteenth.



## A Song of the Road.



to the station; he is not going there this morning. No office to-day; no stuffiness; but the road and the spaces and the tossing wind. Off!

### Off!

Everyone who cycles for pleasure knows that moment. The rider leaves the old gate to close behind him, and settles down into the saddle as the road takes the old familiar bend. Has he got his pipe, and his matches? He sees the cross-road

The road is good. The tyres grip and hum as they go. They like it. They are Moseley Tyres. The tough Moseley rubber and the elastic Moseley Flexifort. Sturdy, speedy, easy-riding tyres.



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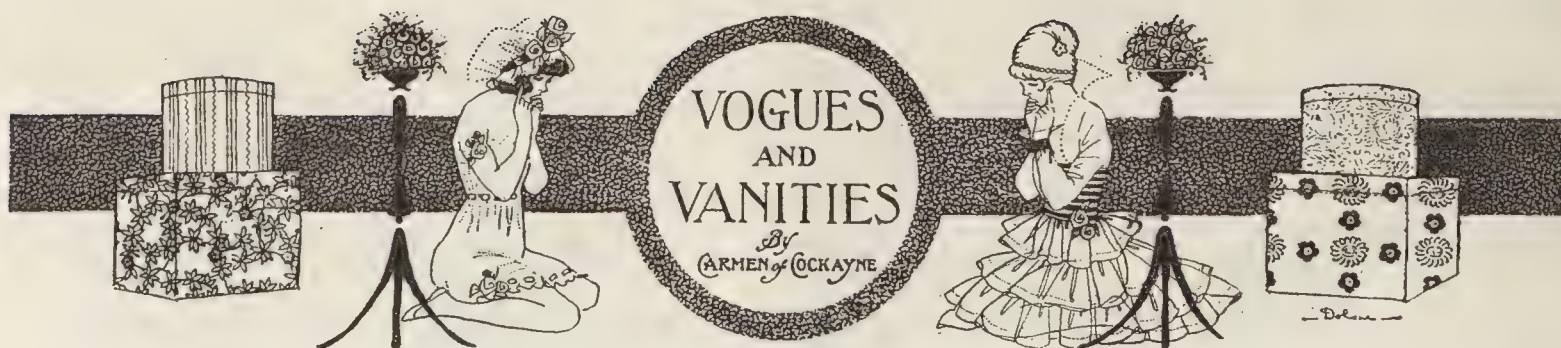


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### Concerning the Coiffure.

A well-dressed head, like a virtuous woman, is worth many rubies. Solomon may not have said so in so many words, but, being a good judge of women, it is quite reasonable to infer that he wasn't altogether ignorant of the things that contribute to that good appearance upon which, as women have from time immemorial realised, so much of their happiness depends. There is no doubt about it, the consciousness of "looking nice" carries a woman a long way forward on the road to success. Confidence in one's powers to please and charm breeds the ability to do both. Who ever heard of a really socially successful woman with lean, lank locks that gave away scalp secrets of the kind most people would prefer to keep concealed under luxuriant and well-brushed tresses? A woman may be the embodiment of all the virtues, she may have enough brains to run a canteen without antagonising her staff, or keep the peace between fifty jealous V.A.D.'s, but if she neglects her hair, she's well on the way to missing more than half the fun enjoyed by her more careful sisters.



Only the woman with a well-dressed head is really entitled to consider herself smart.

### Helping Nature.

The way of the scanty-locked woman is hard; but only so long as she insists on meekly submitting to the nasty trick played upon her by Nature. There is really no reason why she shouldn't take her place amongst the luckier ones, if only she goes the right way about it. It is fatally easy, unless one takes the greatest care, to avoid the Scylla of baldness and become engulfed in the Charybdis of the blatantly artificial. Beauty that's bought by the ounce is not a bad thing, Shakespeare's remarks on the subject notwithstanding; but the buying has to be done with discretion. The art that conceals art is never more vitally important than when it is applied to the science of creating a coiffure for the woman who hasn't enough hair to make one for herself.

### You'd Never Know.

After all, it is one thing to wear hair that, though natural, is not your own, and quite another to feel that other people know all about it. It's quite permissible to consult a doctor; it's the height of bad taste to discuss the result of his diagnosis and the remedies he prescribes in public. Fortunately, so far as head deficiencies are concerned, no woman is so badly situated as to be beyond the help of the experts at the Maison Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. With their assistance anyone, no matter how severely rationed she may be in regard to hair, can hold the mirror up to Nature in a way calculated, if the old lady has any feelings at all, to make her thoroughly ashamed of herself. If every woman "sat down" under the whips and scorns in the shape of inadequate locks, mottled complexions, double chins, and all the other unbecoming evils feminine flesh is heir to, the world would soon be a dreary place. As it is, Providence is always on the side of those who help themselves, and seldom uses instruments that produce better effects than the transformations for which the firm already mentioned are famous all over the world.

### The Best Test.

A great many women know, by pleasant experience, that "La Naturelle" is, as its name implies, the kind of transformation that resembles nature so closely as to defy detection. Many other women have heard of its existence, and long to put its reputation to the test, usually for the best of reasons—they haven't got sufficient hair to keep up a pleasing appearance without it. But pride (which is foolish) or prejudice (which is stupid), or both, prevent their adopting a becoming remedy for a most unbecoming deficiency and facing the world looking as nice as any woman may and every woman wants to look. There is, however, nothing like experience for showing people the futility of sticking to preconceived ideas.

### Think It Over.

A toupet, or a complete transformation, that can be worn by anyone, yet pass unnoticed by the outside world, is something worthy of deep consideration, more especially when it is remembered that there is no necessity to "give the show away" by adopting a new form of dressing or a shade of hair different from one's own. The artists in hair at 40, Buckingham Palace Road are not content with merely evolving coiffures to suit their own ideas on the subject. Anyone who desires a special and individual style can rely on having her own design faithfully carried out in every detail.



It's just this sort of coiffure that puts the finishing touch to whatever toilette its owner may elect to wear.

### Suiting the Hair to the Wearer.

Tastes differ in hair-dressing as in everything else. The straight central parting that suits Joan down to the ground may have the effect of seeming to rob Joanna of any good looks she may have possessed. But that is no reason why both should not wear "La Naturelle" with complete satisfaction. For not the least attractive thing about what is, in real truth, a boon to women is the fact that it is equally adaptable to any style of hair-dressing, whether with a parting—in any position—or without it. More than that, it is obligingly ready to suit itself to every taste, and, curls or swathes, clings close about the head of the wearer, or rises to giddy altitudes, just as its owner may choose. In it the amateur finds a peace that is never hers when circumstances force her to "do" her own hair. Last, it should be borne in mind that the Maison Georges, who think of everything to do with hair—including the making of slinky switches, plaits, and curl clusters—have evolved a graceful boudoir transformation especially designed to wear with the *déshabillé* that's



None but the wise deserve or obtain the wave that turns straight hair into that curly kind that every woman envies.

so comfortable when uniform is thrown off; and, if by any chance your hair is luxuriant but straight, it is comforting to know that a permanent wave, impervious to shampooing, is within the reach of everyone.





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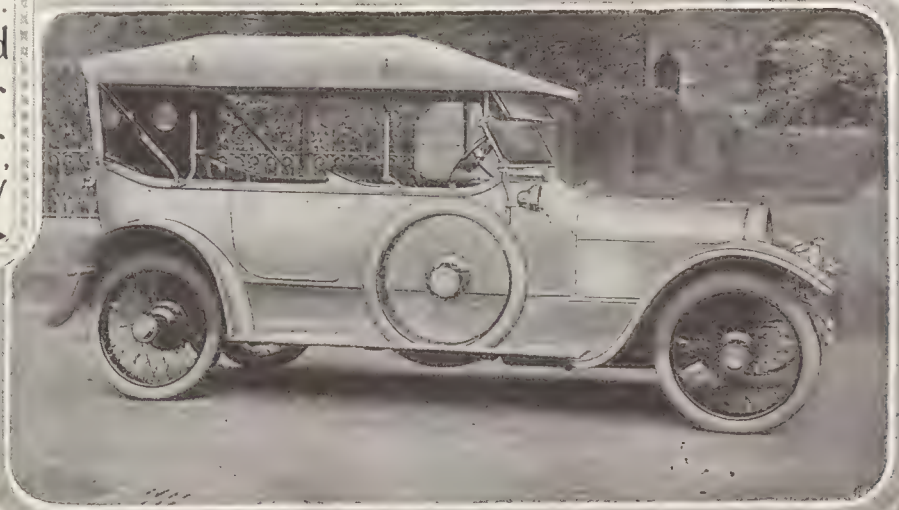
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to engage the entire  
energies of the  
'Wolseley' factories.  
We can however add  
your order to our  
Waiting List for  
a post-war 'Wolseley'  
Model.



Wolseley Motors Ltd.  
Proprietors, Vickers Ltd.  
Saddlerly Park-Birmingham.





### War Apparently Disregarded.

Such a lot of people decided to leave town early this year. I think our highly undesirable gift from Spain influenced their decision. Unhappily, they met it in the country too, and in some places worse than in London. When the cream of the Sales had been skimmed, my sex began at once to pine for sea and country air. There was a run on Woolland's for smart bathing-dresses, and for cool and smart gowns, and pretty country hats; when these were secured, the exodus began. I was at a big seaside resort a day or two ago, and there was certainly little sign beyond many uniforms that there is a world-war being waged. The beach was crowded for the morning dip, the concerts and picture palaces were full, the charabancs full, and every place where people congregate black with them. Yet the great German Push, said to be the decisive one, was in full progress.

### Begin at Once.

Fashion is a strange dame, albeit not one of exclusively the British Empire. No sooner has she accustomed us to wear one kind of costume, and to think that—although we cannot conscientiously regard it as becoming, and always don it with a kind of war-time, self-sacrificial feeling—it has the undeniable merit of comfort, than off she goes at a tangent and brings in something else. No sooner are the sales over—at



To increase her likeness to a butterfly she has a large bow made to look like one at the back, poised just below a trail of vivid coloured flowers. The bodice—what there is of it—is of silver gauze, and the skirt of black-and-silver brocade.

such a house, for example, as Marshall and Snelgrove's—than the autumn plans begin to be unfolded. So far, they promise us a figure once again—a thing unknown to the female form for several years. We have been silhouettes—not always slender, but the best we could do in days of peace and plenty. Since then, we have descended into something akin to the frames to hang dresses on—that is, our clothes have fallen anyhow from our shoulders. Now it looks like a revival of the "figuar" proper—of the corset and distinctly disciplinary measures—and so we may just as well begin at once.

### The Best of Its Kind.

When I am asked to find anything very nice and reliable in leather, I always make for one of John Pound and Co.'s shops. They are many, and consequently most convenient. There is one in Oxford Street, one in Piccadilly, one in Regent Street, one in Tottenham Court Road, one in Leadenhall Street. I had to make a hunt for light and strong receptacles for clothes last week, and found at John Pound's exactly what was wanted—a combination of lightness, strength, and capacity for accommodation that is truly remarkable. Now is the time, when people have to move about, that such things are necessities. Our pre-war boxes and cases are no use with luggage-weight restrictions; and then, if we want to get on at all, we must be prepared to carry our own bags. All this has been thought out at John Pound's, and one takes up a handsome box which will hold all one wants and finds it light to the point of amazement, well-balanced, and easy to handle—in fact, the best of its kind, for which this well-known firm is famous.

### A Good Bag.

Captain Four-Stars' war-bag wanted, please. It was not the gallant Captain's bag of Germans, but his Mark Cross bag in which he stows his personal belongings, and then rolls it up with his sleeping-valise. Mis-laid for some minutes on his last leave, he became very pettish, for, said he, "without it, I make hay in my valise every time I want anything, and when one is just off for a stunt there is no time for hay searching." Happily, it turned up in time; and a very neat, flexible war-bag it looked. He stuffed in a lot of treasures, but it folded as neatly as you please; and the valise, like the boa-constrictor, gave no evidence of its inside passenger. Moral, if you want to please a gallant officer, give him a Mark Cross war-bag. In pigskin, it costs 99s.; in finest canvas, 50s. It will earn gratitude for the giver in no way commensurate with its intrinsic value. It is in the front of all bags at the Front.



There is no reason why one should not look alluring in the country when there are sun-bonnets like these about, yellow and blue in colouring, which harmonise so well with the landscape.

### Comfort and Appearance.

These are the days when one ought to save one's skin—I do not mean in the face of the enemy, but from the effects of the too ardent rays of the sun and the boisterous caresses of the east wind. On holidays and in fine weather life is lived out of doors, with the result that faces become red, peeling, and freckled. Yet the sun and the sea air and the cool, fresh breezes can be enjoyed with actual benefit to the skin if only Larola is used frequently. It is not costly, and it is British, while it is a real luxury to use it. When put on before going out it is protective; and if this is neglected, and the injured countenance feels dry and burning, the use of Beetham's Larola takes away the unpleasant sensation, and makes the skin cool and fresh and smooth as velvet. Any chemist or good stores supplies it, and a bottle by one during a holiday is a real asset to comfort and appearance, and a help to enjoyment.

### Brilliant Understandings.

When one stays at an hotel or in apartments, it is unwise to trust your shoes anywhere in the lower regions. There was always considerable doubt as to their treatment. Now, with casual staffs, there is none—we know it is bad. Therefore, wise folk buy Lutetian and Meltonian cream, and keep their shoes up to the mark themselves. It is so little trouble, and the result is so eminently satisfactory. A couple of soft cloths, a bit of old felt, a bottle of tan, and a bottle of black Brown's boot-polish, and there you are—independent of the attentions of cleaners below stairs. I remember having a pair of expensive and dearly loved patent-leathers black-leaded! and a pair of new tans were consistently furniture-polished until they cracked up. Now I never move without Lutetian and Meltonian, and an outfit, and my foot-wear is always sparkling and bright.



### NOW IN THE WAR MUSEUM: A "DECCA" WITH A BATTLE RECORD.


The Decca gramophone has been a great success on many parts of the Front. This specimen, now in the War Museum, has inscribed upon it the battles it has gone through. It had two years' active service—and a bullet through it—but it still plays, and plays well.



**SUPER FOOTWEAR**  
for Officers

The  
**COMBINED LACED  
LEGGING FIELD  
SERVICE BOOT.**  
**£7.7.0**  
and  
**£8.8.0**

**NEW MILITARY  
BROCHURE**  
The Officers' Guide to  
Footwear.  
**W. ABBOTT & SONS, Ltd.**  
London and Paris.  
54, Regent Street, W.  
(Opposite Swan & Edgar's)  
434, Strand, W.  
121, High Holborn, W.C.



## HOLIDAY BLOUSE

Designed and made by our own workers from reliable Crêpe-de-Chine, with double collar. Cuffs and seams hemstitched, also hemstitching down front in imitation of a pocket, finished with small fancy buttons.

SPECIAL PRICE

**29/6**

### FURS AT SUMMER PRICES.

During August and September all Furs will be marked at special Summer prices. Fur renovations and remodelling should be put in hand now. The new Winter models are all in stock, and can be copied.

NOTE.—This Establishment is closed on Saturdays.

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Wigmore Street.  
(Cavendish Square) London, W. 1

Famous for over a Century  
for Taste, for Quality, for Value.




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An exquisite Bouquet Perfume, fascinating and alluring.  
One of the most original and beautiful of the famous.

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Of all high-class Chemists and Perfumers, and from  
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Perfumery and Fine Soap Makers since 1770.

*Perfume*  
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Call or write to-day for particulars—

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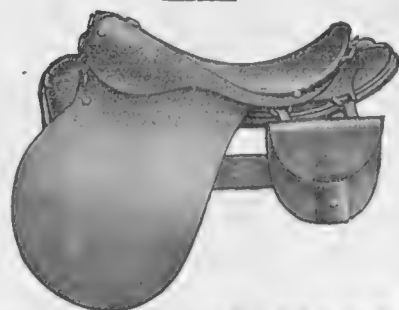
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ESTABLISHED 1851.

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Largest Stock  
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Military, Polo and  
Hunting Saddles,  
Bridles, Harness,  
Leather Bags,  
and Trunks  
in the World.



Manufacturers  
of

All kinds of  
Leather Equipment  
Sam Browne Belts,  
Leggings, and  
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means picture-making with British Made apparatus and materials *throughout*.

"ENSIGN" ROLL FILMS will fit *any* Roll Film Camera and give the finest results.

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## Meltonian Cream



**Well met, Friend!**

Black Leather and Meltonian Cream are ideal partners. Meltonian gives a beautifully black, high polish to black leather of all kinds—keeps it soft, and without cracks. Needs only a slight application to give a lasting polish.

## Lutetian Cream

is for Brown Leather boots and equipment. In four shades—Light, Dark, Extra Dark and Toney Red.

An Officer writes:—"I would not be without Lutetian Cream. I used it in France, and it not only kept my feet dry by preserving the leather, but it also produced a beautiful shine when we had anything special doing."

At all Expeditionary Force Canteens in France.

If any difficulty in obtaining, write for nearest retailer's address to—

E. BROWN & SON, Ltd., 7, Garrick St., London.



## "Aquascutum" Regd.

### TRENCH COAT.

THE MOST RELIABLE MILITARY  
WATERPROOF PRODUCED.

*Guaranteed Absolutely Waterproof.*

Lined Detachable Fleece, Fur,  
or Leather.

SELF PRAISE IS NO RECOMMENDATION.

Extracts from Officers' Letters.

ABYSSINIA.  
"I am pleased to inform you that your cavalry Trench Coats are the only coats of the many we have tried out here that can stand these tropical rains."

B.E.F.  
"I received a coat about three and a-half months ago from you, and I may say I have tried it in all weathers in the trenches, and have never had one damp tunic since I received it. I have tried four different coats since I came out here, and yours has been the only satisfactory one in all the four."

*The originals may be seen by anyone interested.*

There is only one AQUASCUTUM

Do not accept inferior imitations.

Infantry .. 5½ guineas.

Cavalry .. 6 guineas.

Detachable Fleece Lining  
from 2 guineas.

Sold in all Principal Towns by our  
recognised Agents.



**Trench Coat.**

Only height and chest  
measurement required.

**Aquascutum**  
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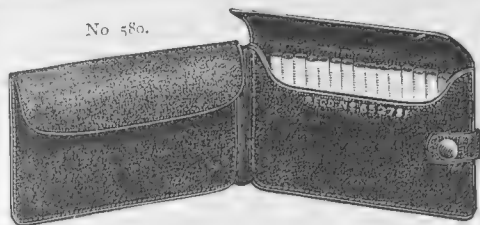
*By Appointment to His Majesty the King.*

Waterproof Coat Specialists for over 50 years.

100, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. 1.



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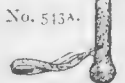


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No. 588.—To hold 30 Cigarettes ...	£	s.	d.
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No. 591.—**SAM BROWNE BELTS**, One shoulder strap. Best  
bridle leather ... £2 5 0 Ditto, Stitched Pigskin ... £3 3 0

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## POCKET FLASKS

No. 587.—Non-corrosive, oxidised, bayonet top, plated inside, extra flat, concave shape, 1/2-pint (as illustrated) ...

Ditto, smaller sizes, ... 30/-, 35/-

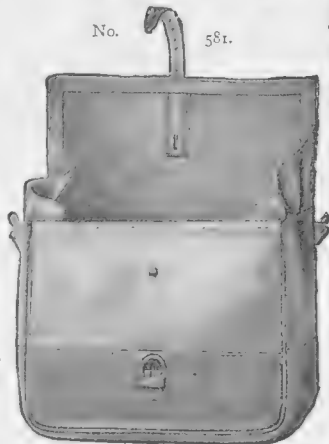
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No. 5102.—Britannia Metal Flask, screw top, kidney shape, 1/2-pint ... 15/-  
Ditto, smaller sizes, 8/6 and 11/6.

Extra large and strong, made from an officer's design ... 17/6

No. 581.—Ditto, with Leather Base ... 27/6  
Detachable Sling, 2/6 extra



Postage Inland 6d. B.E.F. 1/6 extra. Send for 1918 Illustrated List of Military Equipment.

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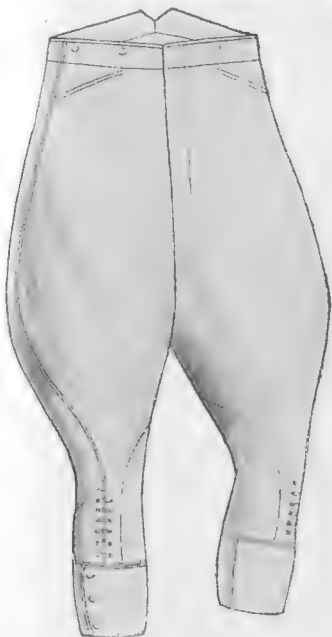
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## RIDING BREECHES



Cut and tailored by experts these celebrated riding breeches allow the maximum freedom of movement and ensure a complete absence of strain over seat when in the saddle. Retaining their shape to the end they have no surplus fullness, while the quality of material and workmanship ensures the utmost durability.

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FOR RIDING  
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Our stock includes every requirement for Naval and Military personal equipment; a choice selection of lounge suitings, light overcoatings, etc.

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## "Vigil" Silk is pure & durable

**THE SAFETY OF THE PUBLIC** and the honour of British trade are involved in the production of goods that are all they are represented to be.

"Vigil" Silk is a pure silk of British manufacture. It bears the word "Vigil" on the selvedge as the hall-mark, the challenge against the miserable productions (so frequently offered nowadays)—Silk mixed with Cotton, to save cost in manufacture—or silks loaded with Tin to two or three times their actual weight, to make them feel heavier

and give a better impression of quality. None of these mixtures can give lasting satisfaction. Cotton will not wear, as everyone knows, and Tin causes the fabric to split and tear, and to lose its nice appearance immediately it is washed.

"Vigil" Silk, on the contrary, is guaranteed to be pure silk, and nothing but silk. It will considerably outwear imitations, and retain its beauty all the time.

Owing to war conditions "Vigil" Silk is very difficult to obtain, as it cannot be manufactured as easily as materials such as cotton.



# Vigil

## The New Silk

Double Width, 40 ins. wide. Price 8/11 yard. In Plain White, Pastel Shades, Khaki, Stripes, &c., for Ladies wear, Men's wear, Children's wear; for Blouses, Dresses, and Nurses' Cloaks, Underwear, Nightdresses, Pyjamas, Dressing Gowns and Shirts, Draperies, Curtains, Cushions, Fancy Work, &c., Jumpers, Smocks.

**VIGIL BLOUSES.** Many of the leading Drapers are now offering the most delightful creations in ready-made Blouses of VIGIL SILK. Ask your Draper to show you styles.



# Milton Removes Stains

No matter what the stain is, tea or coffee, fruit, ink, wine, or beer, MILTON will completely remove it from white cotton or linen fabrics, leaving the spot perfectly white without injuring in the slightest degree even the most delicate piece of lace.

It seems too wonderful to be true, but it has been demonstrated over and over again with all kinds of stains and every description of fabric. *It should not be used for silk or wool or for coloured goods*

## Extract from the Book of Directions

**STAINS—Removing:** Milton has the amazing property of removing stains *without injury to the fabric*—whether it be linen, cotton, porcelain, or paper. It stands quite alone in this invaluable property. Do not use it for silk, woollen or dyed fabrics.

**Undyed Linen and Cotton Fabrics.**—Dilute Milton with cold or tepid water only, not with hot water. Let the stained material soak for 15 to 45 minutes in a mixture of 2 table-spoonfuls of Milton to each pint of water. When the stain has quite disappeared, wash the fabric thoroughly in plain water (cold or hot, as desired), and allow it to dry. Linen or lace blouses, underwear, table and bed linen, napery—even the finest and most delicate goods may be cleansed and whitened without damage, if treated as above directed. Milton gives a delicate finish very much superior to any "blueing."

**N.B.—Do not use** Milton to cleanse woollen, silk, or any dyed goods. Use only with vegetable (i.e., linen or cotton) fabrics which it is desired to completely whiten. It will take the dye out of dyed goods, just as it will remove a stain

Get a 1/- or 2/- bottle of MILTON from your dealer to-day. Accompanying each bottle is a booklet giving detailed instructions of 59 practical household recipes for the use of Milton every day. Milton is the most powerful purifying agent known, yet it is quite harmless and non-poisonous. Even a child can play with it.

Have you heard of the good effect of Milton on meat in hot weather? It's wonderful. Try it.

## 1/- and 2/- Bottles

The 2/- bottle contains 2½ times as much as the 1/- bottle

To be obtained from all dealers

Milton Manufacturing Co. Ltd. 125 Bunhill Row, London, E.C. 1  
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# Wilson & Gill

139 & 141, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

Fashionable Diamond Initial and Gold Watch Bracelets on Black Moiré Bands or in Regimental Colours.



No. 529.—Fine Diamond Bracelet, with Border of White Enamel, on Black Silk or Regimental Coloured Band, any Initial.

£4 5 0



No. 165.

18-ct. Gold and Enamel,

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With Diamond Monogram,

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Or with Palladium Wings and Diamonds,

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Solid 18-ct. Gold, Enamel and Diamonds,

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Others from £2 5s. to £30



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£5 5 0

These Bracelets are supplied with a Gold Adjustable Clip Fastening to fit any Wrist.

NEW CATALOGUE FORWARDED ON APPLICATION.

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AT SPECIAL PRICES.

**D**AINTY FROCK, in rich quality Lyons Silk Chiffon Velvet, becoming bodice daintily finished with embroidery at waist, collar and vest of contrasting Crêpe-de-Chine, plain skirt. In black and a few good colours.

Special Price 8½ Gns.

**MARSHALL &  
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VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET  
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NOTE.—This Establishment will be closed on Saturdays until further notice.



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In the mirror you can see for yourself the added charm “La Naturelle” bestows. With “La Naturelle” the hair can be arranged at will, showing the parting (long or short) or without a parting at all. “La Naturelle” is *indetectable* from naturally growing hair.

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“La Naturelle” is made with natural wavy hair of superfine quality. It can be combed and brushed like growing hair.

Toupet from 4 Gns.  
Full Transformation from 10 Gns.  
(The “Times” system of Instalments is available)

Call and interview M. Georges; send for “Appro” selection, or write for CATALOGUE DE LUXE.



Pour la toilette des

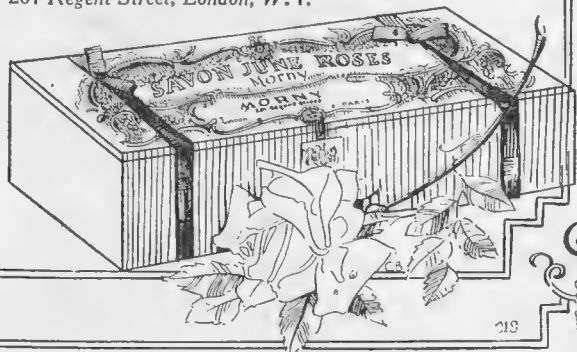
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## Savon de toilette “JUNE ROSES” MORNY

The purest of pure soaps in the daintiest of packages. As pure and delicate as the freshly gathered roses of whose perfume it is the faithful messenger.

Single Tablet, in Box ... 2/7 (Postage 2½d.)  
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From your usual retailer, or direct—  
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### Simple Fare

does not seem insipid if you use LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE. A few drops of this famous Sauce makes the plainest dish appetizing and enjoyable.



BY APPOINTMENT.



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## FORTIFIES the FORTIES

Fortreviver has a flavour all its own that is as delicate and delightful as the bloom on the sun-kissed fruits from which it is compounded. It represents the highest form of nourishment. It possesses wonderful fortifying and reviving powers.

When you feel a bit run down it is just the thing to bring you up to the mark again—and keep you there.

### NEWMAN'S FORTREVIVER

A LIQUEUR TONIC



Luscious, Fresh,  
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*Fortifies and Revives*  
Fruit Food Double Highly Concentrated

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

5/6 Large Size Bottle.

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Should you find any difficulty in obtaining Newman's "Fortreviver" apply to H. & C. NEWMAN, London Office,

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"Lista" Shirts and Pyjamas reflect that air of solid worth which gives the wearer standing as a well-dressed man. For Officers' Khaki Shirts and for ordinary wear "Lista" is unrivalled. It can be washed over and over again without injury. Once feel a "Lista" Shirt and you will want them always.

Ask your Outfitter for Patterns and look for "Lista" stamped on selvage.

Wholesale only:  
LISTER & Co. Ltd, Old Change, E.C.

## "Bective"

FOUNDED 50 YEARS AGO

50 YEARS of practical tests by the best British workmen have perfected these boots of distinction.

Being made on the hand-sewn principle, their reliability is guaranteed.

Bective retain their smart appearance always. We have recently placed stocks with most of our Agents.

Write for name of nearest Agent, to Bective Shoe Co., Northampton, James Branch & Sons, Ltd.

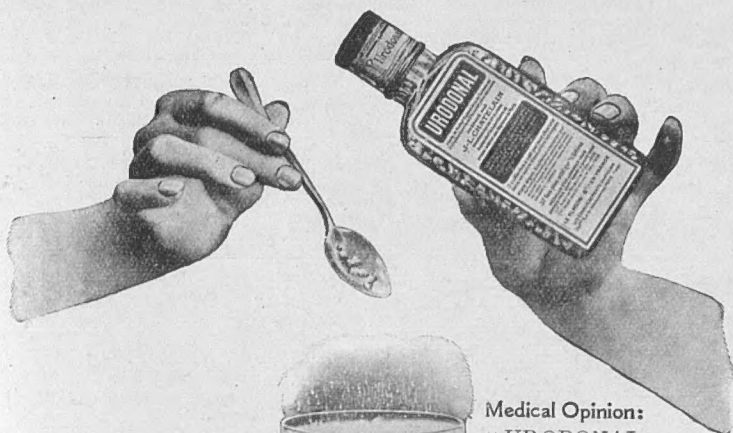


Style L88,  
Black Cloth Leg,  
Glacé Golosh,  
Patent Cap.  
Per 31/- Pair.



# Urodonal

**Powerful Uric Acid Solvent.**



**Rheumatism  
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**Medical Opinion:**

"URODONAL is not only the most powerful uric acid solvent at present known to Science, being 37 times more powerful than lithia, but it also prevents its excessive production and its accumulation in the joints and tissues."

—Dr. P. SUARD, late Professor attached to the Naval Medical College; late Hospital Physician.

**Price 5/- and 12/- per bottle.**

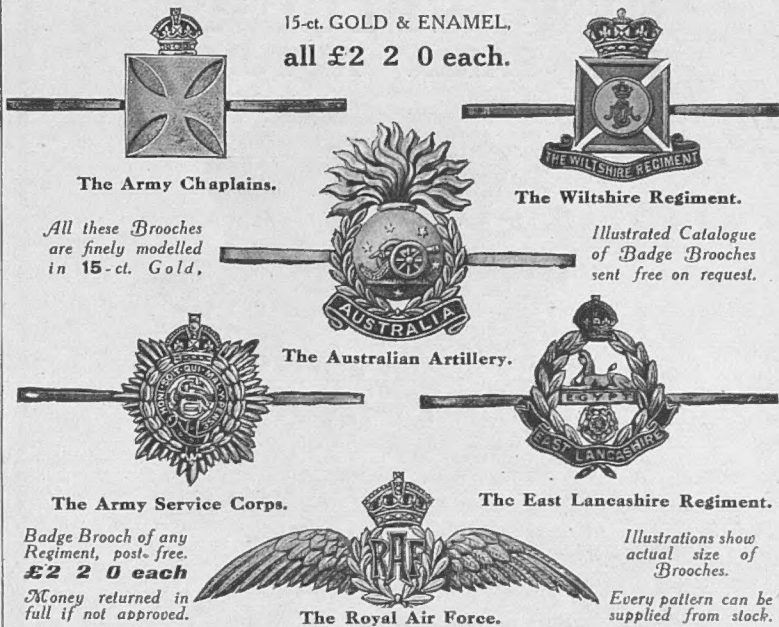
Prepared at Chatelain's Laboratories, Paris. Obtainable from all Chemists and Drug Stores, or direct, post free, 5/6 and 12/6 from the British & Colonial Agents, HEPPELS, Pharmacists, 164, Piccadilly, London, W.1. Full literature sent post free on application.

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**MILITARY BADGE BROOCHES**

15-ct. GOLD & ENAMEL,  
all £2 2 0 each.



All these Brooches are finely modelled in 15-ct. Gold, £2 2 0 each

Illustrated Catalogue of Badge Brooches sent free on request.

Illustrations show actual size of Brooches.

Every pattern can be supplied from stock.

**THE NEW MILITARY WATCH**

Fine Quality Lever Movement.

One-Piece Screw-in Silver Case.

**WITH UNBREAKABLE FRONT.**

Luminous Hands and Figures.

The Ideal Watch for Active Service.



Transparent UNBREAKABLE FRONT. No new glasses or protectors required.

White or Black dial £3 10 0

Post free to any address.

**76 & 78 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.**



**Britain's Women Workers**

need to protect the complexion, otherwise the skin becomes coarse, red and rough, and the face unattractive.

The woman who uses Pomeroy Day Cream regularly, need have no fears regarding her complexion. Just a dab of Pomeroy Day Cream once or twice a day will keep your complexion clear, your skin soft and supple, and prevent those blemishes which so often follow exposure to all kinds of weather.

**Pomeroy Day Cream**

In dainty half-crown vases at high-class Chemists, Perfumers, &c.

Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd., 29, Old Bond Street, London, W.1.

**TRY IT IN YOUR BATH**

By Appointment



To H.M. The King.

## SCRUBB'S CLOUDY AMMONIA

INVALUABLE FOR TOILET AND DOMESTIC PURPOSES

Price 1/4 per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

The public are cautioned against the many injurious imitations of "Scrubbs Ammonia" that are being offered, and attention is drawn to the signature of Scrubb & Co. on each bottle, without which none is genuine.

**SCRUBB & CO., Ltd., Guildford St., London, S.E.**

## MILLS OFFICERS' WEB EQUIPMENT

and all other articles of **CAMP & FIELD KIT**

Sam Browne Belts, Haversacks, Kit, Bags, Valises, Beds, Sleeping Bags, Blankets, Mess Utensils, etc.; A Century's Experience & Reputation.

Price List on request.

**Hazel & Co**  
FUNDING 1815

**CAMP KIT MAKERS**  
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## Rowland's Macassar Oil

**FOR THE HAIR**

Is the Best Preparation you can use.

Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sold in 3/6, 7/- and 10/6 bottles by Stores, Chemists and Rowland's, 67, Hatton Garden, London.

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**Summer Sale**

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**IRISH LINENS,**

**Handkerchiefs, Shirts & Collars throughout July.**

Write for Sale List post free  
ROBINSON & CLEAVER, LTD.,  
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# Gorringes

NEW VELOURS  
FOR EARLY AUTUMN



The "GORING"

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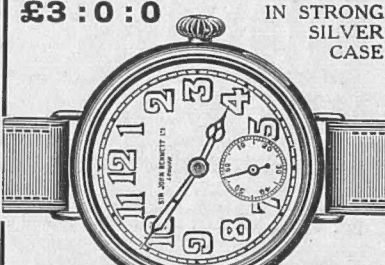
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